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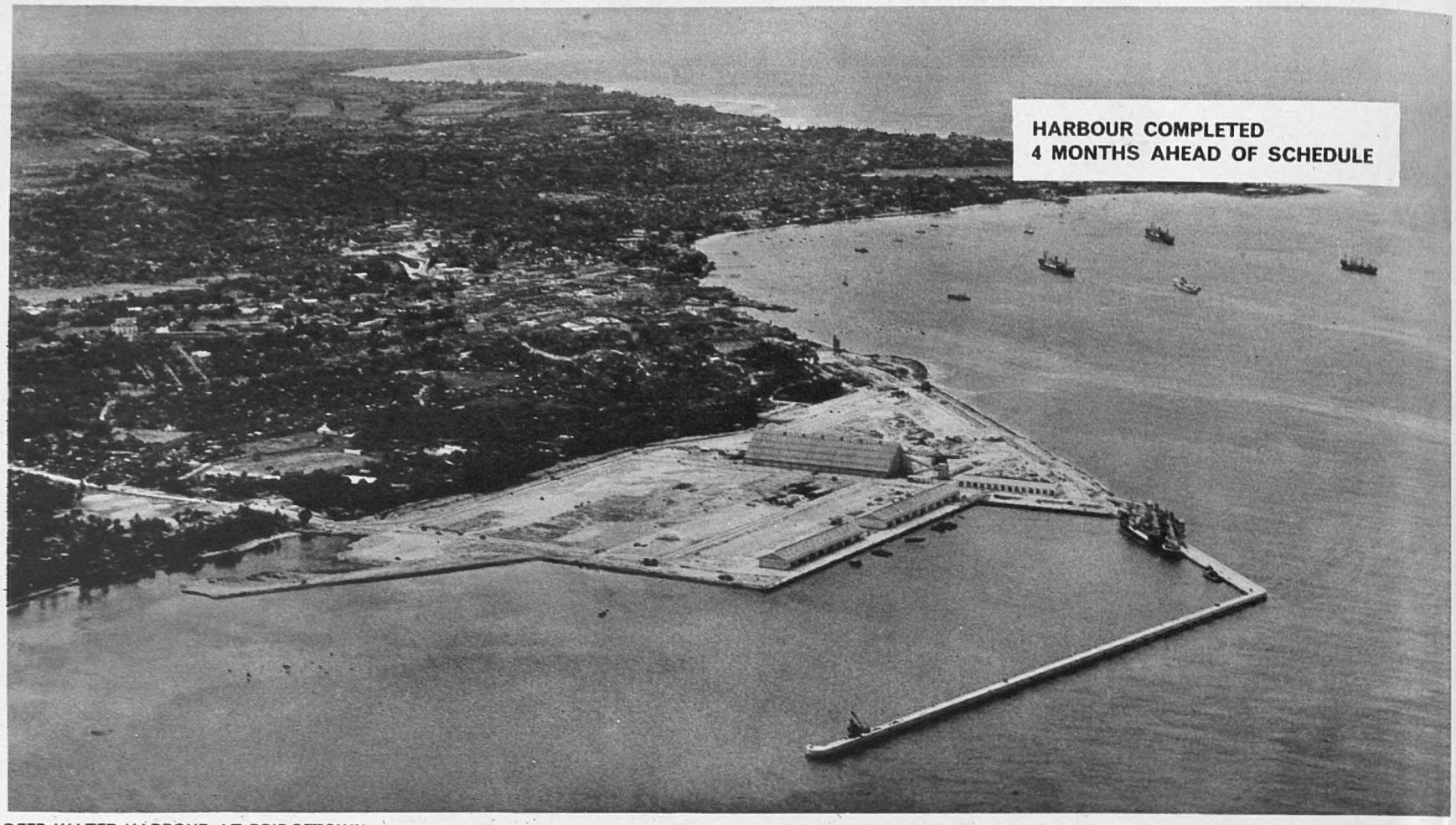

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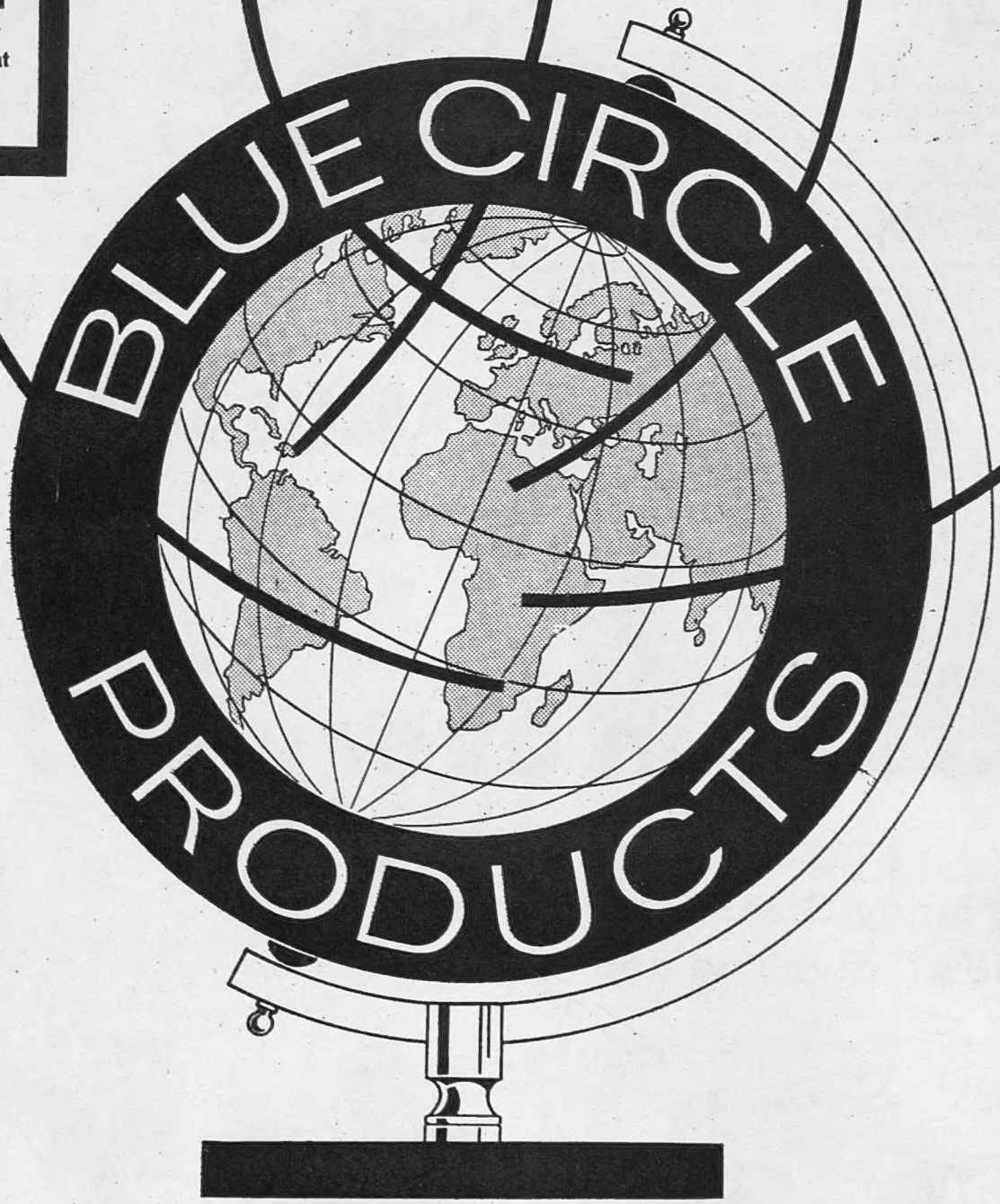

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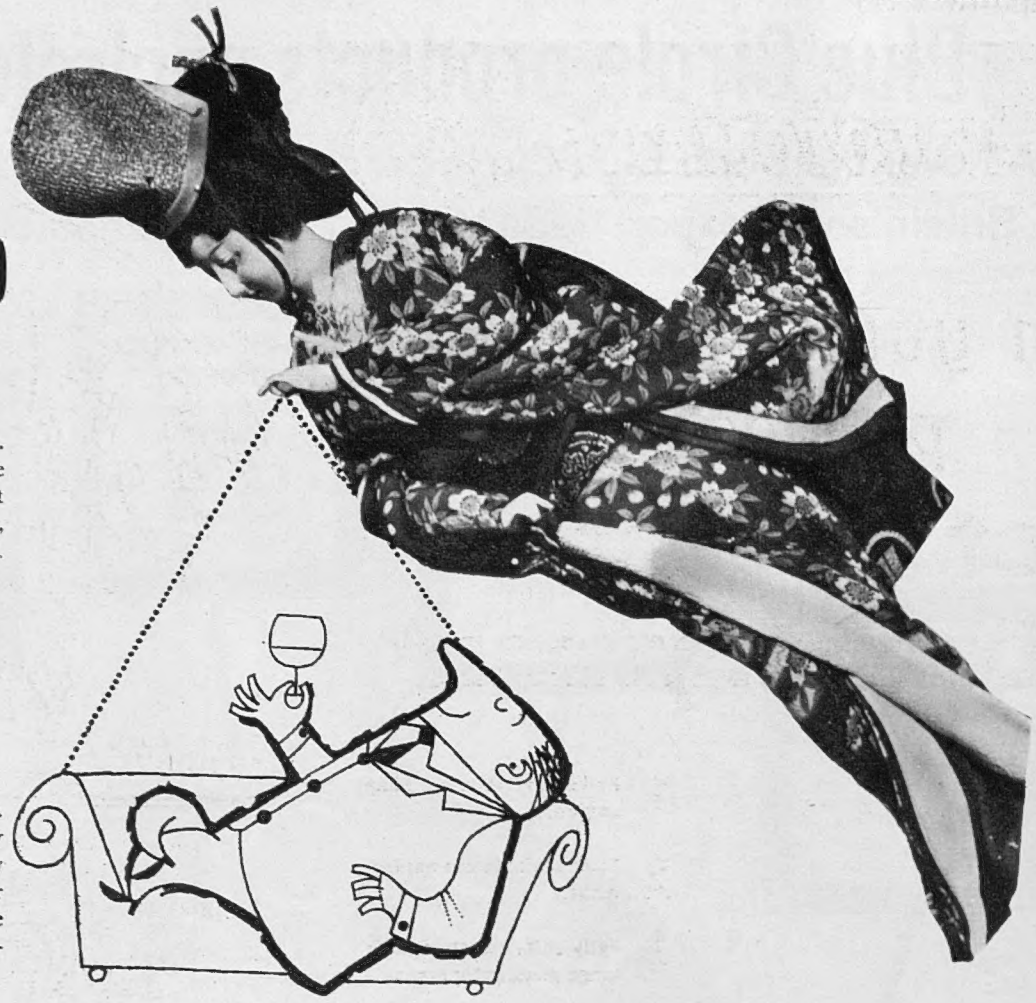

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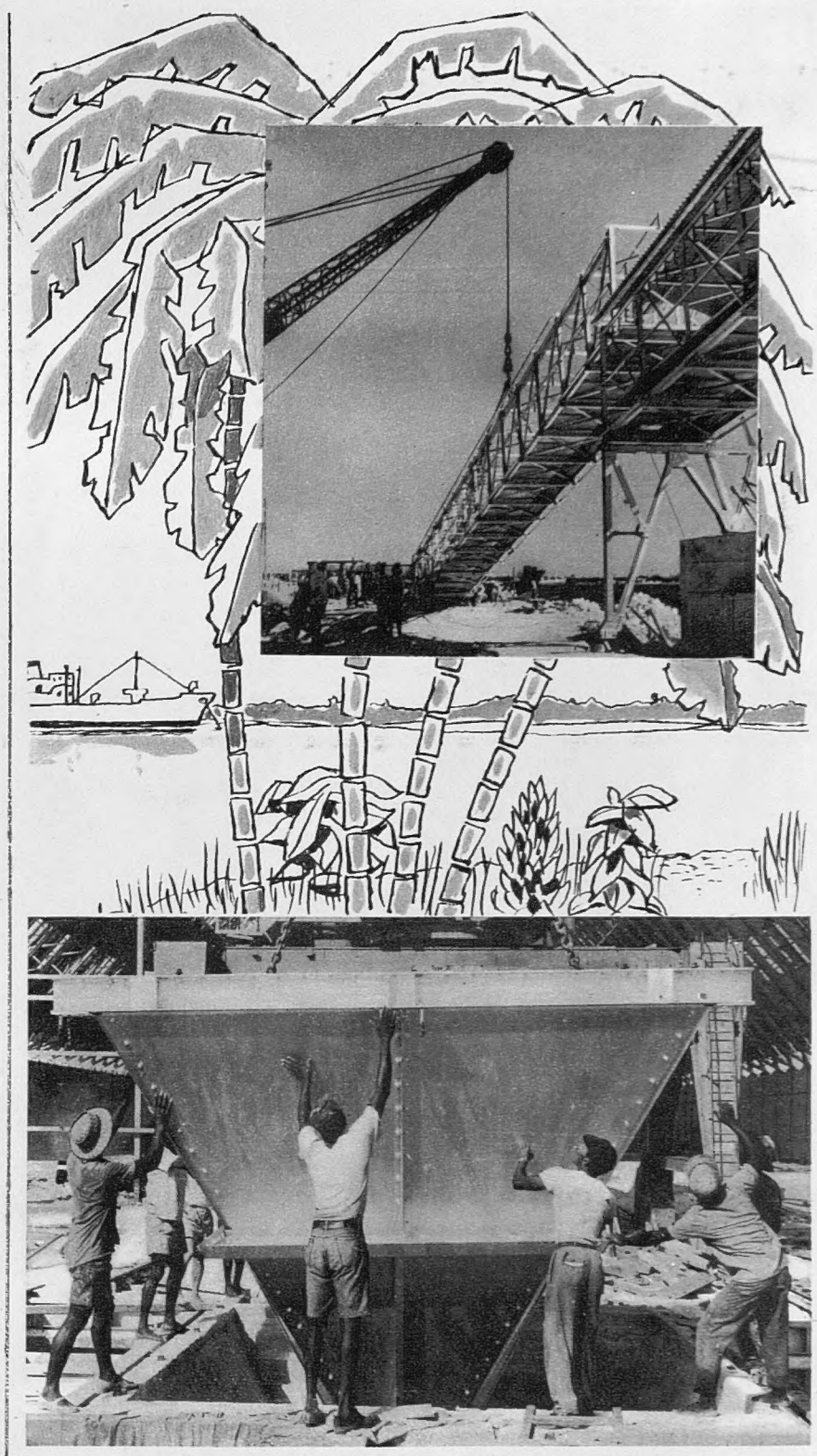

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Volume CCXLV No. 3181

THE SPHERE

LONDON, May 20, 1961

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

JOINT-CHAIRMEN AT GENEVA

Lord Home and Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister, discuss a point of procedure after conferring together in Geneva on their duties as joint-chairmen of the fourteen-power conference on Laos. The international talks, the first at which Chinese representatives were to meet Americans since the last Geneva conference on the Far East in 1954, were scheduled to open on May 12, but had to be postponed because no agreement could be reached about the Laotian representation. Three delegations had arrived from Laos; representing respectively the Right-wing Royal Laotian Government; the neutralists of Prince Souvanna Phouma; and the pro-Communist Pathet Lao. Each had its backers among the fourteen powers, the Chinese obviously opting for the Pathet Lao and the U.S.A. for the Royal Government. After a week-end of intense behind-the-scenes activity, Mr. Rusk, the U.S. Secretary of State, agreed "reluctantly" that all three Laotian factions should be given equal representation at the conference. (See also News Summary, page 281)

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Indians and Africans carrying banners with slogans on them gather in Residencia, twenty-five miles from Johannesburg. Their intention was to march to the local municipal hall to protest against the possibility of the town being divided into "group areas," i.e. the segregation of the various racial communities. Indian shops along the route were closed and many children had absented themselves from school. After marching two miles, the demonstration was dispersed by police. One arrest was reported to have been made. On the same day in South Africa's Parliament in Cape Town, Mr. Erasmus, the Minister of Justice, moved the second reading of the General Law Amendment Bill, which provides for sterner measures against internal disorders. He said he believed Africans were planning countrywide strikes for the three days before Republic Day (May 31). Confirmation of this intention was given in London last week by leaders of African exile groups

A COLOURED DEMONSTRATION AGAINST APARTHEID IN TRANSVAAL

Mr. Charles Robberts Swart, former Governor-General of South Africa, is to be the Republic's first President. The Electoral College voted him into office by 139 votes to 71 last week. A few days previously, Mr. Swart had resigned as Governor-General. Being 6 ft. 7 ins. in height, he will be among the tallest Heads of State in the world

FROM GOVERNOR-GENERAL TO PRESIDENT

Far right: Sir Milton Margai (in white suit), the Prime Minister of Sierra Leone, is welcomed by Liberia's President Tubman (in spectacles) at Monrovia for the conference of Heads of independent African states. The former was making his first appearance at an international gathering as the delegate of Independent Sierra Leone

DEBUT IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

ON WATCH IN ALGIERS

Armoured vehicles are halted at the side of a street in Algiers. With the announcements last week in Paris and in Tunis that the Algerian Nationalists were prepared to open their talks with the French Government representatives at Evian on May 20, there were fears of further trouble in Algeria. Immediately after President de Gaulle's broadcast on May 8, Europeans rioted and Muslims organised counter demonstrations in Algiers and other Algerian towns. In his broadcast the President spoke of the abortive revolt of the Generals and appealed to the French people to renounce "outworn myths and absurd agitations." The Paris announcement giving the date of the Evian talks was the first French official statement which has contained a direct reference to the F.L.N. (the Algerian National Liberation Front). This was taken to mean recognition by France

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Water is pumped out of the hull of the 17th-century Swedish warship *Vasa* in dock in Stockholm. She was raised from the bottom of the harbour where she had lain for over 330 years. After she had been towed into the dock, the work started of making her watertight and of removing the water and mud filling the hulk. The next stage in the restoration of the historic vessel was to lift her onto her specially-prepared pontoon. The *Vasa* is eventually to go on show in Stockholm in a special museum. Swedish experts claim that she is the oldest identified, intact warship. She sank at the start of her maiden voyage from Stockholm in 1628

THE RESTORATION OF THE HISTORIC SWEDISH VESSEL, THE *VASA*

The former Prime Minister and his wife prepare to fly from London airport to Paris for a four-day visit. Their engagements included a luncheon with President de Gaulle. Sir Anthony is at present working on the volume of his reminiscences dealing with the earlier part of his career in politics. The period of the War and after was covered in the volume *Full Circle* published last year

SIR ANTHONY AND LADY EDEN OFF TO FRANCE

Far right: Lord Home looks on while Mr. Rusk adjusts his translation receiver during the conference of the Nato Ministers in Oslo. A statement issued after the meeting indicated that the delegates had discussed disarmament and the Berlin question and surveyed the problems of Africa, the Middle East, the Far East and Latin America. There was no elaboration of Mr. Rusk's reported offer of Polaris submarines to the Atlantic powers. Lord Home, on his brief return to London before flying to Geneva for the Laos conference, gave little information about the Polaris project

BRITAIN AND U.S. AT NATO TALKS

FLOODS IN THE AMERICAN MID-WEST

A wrecked car lies against the wall of a motor showroom in the business quarter of the town of Harrison in north-east Arkansas. Three-quarters of the area was badly damaged by a sudden flood which swept through the town, drowning two people. Martial law was proclaimed to prevent looting. Tornadoes and floods left a trail of wreckage and fatalities in north-east Arkansas. In neighbouring states in the mid-West, Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma, tornadoes badly damaged houses and farms

Queen Elizabeth, with, left, Mr. Duncan Sandys, President of the Civic Trust, walks down High Street from the Guildhall, Windsor. Accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen inaugurated the Windsor Project, the scheme carried out by Windsor Council and traders in conjunction with the Civic Trust to "spring-clean" the town's two main shopping streets. Part of the scheme is the removal of a section of the wall round Windsor Castle

NEW LOOK FOR WINDSOR

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE DUKE OF KENT IS WELCOMED BACK

Left: The Duke of Kent acknowledges the applause of the crowd from the balcony of Mansion House, in the City of London. With him are his fiancée, Miss Katharine Worsley, and the Lord Mayor, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen. The occasion was a luncheon held at the Mansion House to mark the return of the Duke of Kent from Sierra Leone where he represented the Queen at the celebrations of independence

Below: Coaches set off on their drive in the Coaching Marathon, an event in the Royal Windsor Horse Show in Home Park, Windsor. The Queen, with Princess Anne, visited the Show last Saturday and for the second year in succession presented her cup for the Services team jumping to the R.A.S.C. The open jumping was won by Miss Nash on Mr. Carter's Trigger Hill

THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW

NEWS SUMMARY

Personalities in Geneva; towards a "Neutralist Summit"; a new political alignment in Africa; the new broom sweeps clean in Persia

INTERNATIONAL

The fourteen powers gathered in **Geneva** for the conference on Laos are: Britain, Russia, U.S.A., France, Canada, India, Poland, China, North and South Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand Burma and Laos. Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia, who first proposed the summoning of the conference, announced a few days before it was due to open that his country would not attend. Then he changed his mind again and was expected in Geneva this week. Personalities among the rival Laotian delegates include Mr. Ngon Sanakinone and Sisouk na Champassak (both Royal Laotians); Mr. Quinim Pholsena (Neutralist) and Mr. Phoumi Vongvichit (Pathet Lao). From Laos itself it was reported last Sunday that representatives of the three groups had met for formal Armistice talks in the village of Ban na Mon.

U.A.R.

Twenty countries will be represented at a preparatory meeting in **Cairo** at the end of this month for the Summit conference of Neutralist Heads of State, for which invitations were recently sent out jointly by President Nasser and President Tito of Yugoslavia. The countries sending delegates to the preparatory meeting are: the U.A.R., Yugoslavia, India, Indonesia, Iraq, Afghanistan, Ceylon, Cambodia, Burma, Algeria, Morocco, Ghana, Guinea, Congo (Mr. Gizenga's "Lumumbist" regime of Orientale Province), Mali, Somalia, Sudan, Cuba, Brazil and Mexico.

The Summit of non-aligned states hopes to find ways of easing East-West tension and of making some progress in international disarmament talks. It will be the first international meeting of its kind. The list of invitations shows that Yugoslavia and the Afro-Asian bloc now regard certain South American states as "neutralist."

LIBERIA

The patterns of the future alignments in Africa became clearer by the end of the conference of African heads of state at **Monrovia,** at which the host was President Tubman of Liberia. Attending the conference were Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, Prime Minister of Nigeria; Sir Milton Margai, Prime Minister of Sierra Leone; President Senghor of Senegal; President Houphouet-Boigny of Ivory Coast and other leaders of the twelve so-called Brazzaville states; and Madagascar. The nucleus of the conference was formed by the Brazzaville group, the former French states in Africa which have retained close ties with France. Absent from the conference, after a last minute withdrawal, were the members of the Casablanca group. These are the African states which attended the conference in the Moroccan city in January at which aggressive nationalist views were aired. They are the U.A.R., Ghana, Guinea, Mali and Morocco.

According to most observers, the Monrovia states stand between the Casablanca group and the remaining colonial powers in Africa. The resolutions passed at Monrovia were notable in their moderation and careful phrasing. It was agreed that a technical commission should meet at Dakar, Senegal, to draw up plans for co-operation; that French and English should be included in all teaching programmes; and that machinery for arbitration in inter-state disputes should be set up. The Monrovia group expressed its support for the central Government of President Kasavubu in Congo; a motion on the agenda condemning the assassination of Mr. Lumumba was deleted. The Congo crisis is one of the matters on which the Monrovia and Casablanca blocs disagree.

U.S.A.

The reports in the American Press that President Kennedy would meet Mr. Khrushchev early in June were neither confirmed nor denied at the beginning of this week. It was said that the meeting in "a neutral European city" would follow President Kennedy's talks with President de Gaulle in Paris, due to end on June 2. The American President is known to prefer a private and informal meeting with Mr. Khrushchev to a full-scale Summit.

PERSIA

Four Army generals, all of whom had at one time held high Government offices, were arrested in **Teheran** last week on the orders of Dr. Ali Amini, the new Persian Prime Minister. This action was part of his campaign against corruption and abuse of official powers. The Persian Parliament was dissolved last week so that the Amini Government could carry out a number of reforms. Both the last two general elections (in January this year and August last year) have been criticised as being unfair. New electoral laws are to be drawn up. The crisis facing Dr. Amini is basically economic. Persia's annual income is £100,000,000 from oil. She also has considerable financial aid from America. These sums have been found not to be enough to pay for the large army (required by Persia's proximity to Russia and because of her membership of The Central Treaty Organisation) and at the same time finance a vast development programme to enable the country to draw its wealth from sources other than oil.

Broadcasting last week, Dr. Amini declared that extravagance and widespread corruption had brought the nation to the verge of bankruptcy. He proposed to take strong action against those guilty of corrupt practices and at the same time inaugurate an austerity programme in Government spending. As an earnest of his intentions he gave instructions that all Government departments should serve no more than one dish at official lunches or dinners. The Prime Minister also decreed that no alcohol should be served at official receptions in Persia.

It was understood in Teheran on Monday that the Shah was still intending to start on his State visit to Norway this week. This was taken as a mark of His Imperial Majesty's confidence in Dr. Amini.

Marshal Chen Yi, the Foreign Minister of China, speaks on his arrival in Geneva for the conference on Laos

Officials in **Washington** stated that U.S. Army guerilla warfare experts would be sent to South Vietnam in order to assist President Ngo Dinh Diem's troops in their offensive against Communist forces operating in the jungle. (According to American reports there are about 12,000 Communist guerillas in South Vietnam, supplied from North Vietnam.)

President Kennedy, while spending last weekend at **Palm Beach,** Florida, sent what he called "a message of hope" to a rally of Cuban exiles in Miami. He said that the Americans would never forget the people of Cuba and that freedom would come—for tyrants could never in the long run overcome the legitimate ambitions of people to be free.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, the distinguished writer, lost a number of manuscripts and other valuables when his house was burnt down in a bush fire fanned by high winds in Hollywood Hills, a suburb of **Hollywood.** The conflagration spread over an area of 1,200 acres. Mr. Huxley managed to save the manuscript of his latest book *Island.*

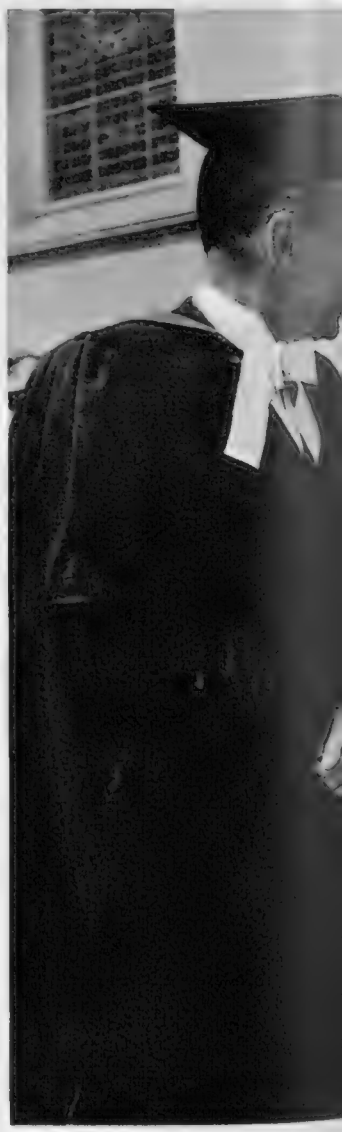
OCCASIONS

—*formal and informal*

An American hero is decorated. At an informal ceremony at the White House in Washington, President Kennedy pins the Distinguished Service Medal of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration on Commander Alan Shepard's lapel. Left is Mrs. Shepard. Commander Shepard was pronounced 'disgustingly fit' after his journey into space in a Mercury capsule, and was flown to the White House where he was given a hero's welcome

The Queen talks to guests from the Commonwealth at a Garden Party on the lawns of Buckingham P

Right: Princess Margaret unveils the plaque commemorating the opening of a new fourteen-storey block of flats in the borough of Woolwich. With her is the Mayor of Woolwich, Councillor Mrs. J. E. Carroll. The building, the St. Mary's Tower Flats, is part of the Council's next residential redevelopment scheme



Queen Elizabeth rides at Windsor Castle with the Prince of Wales, who is on Mayflower, an eleven-year-old pony

Dr. Urho Kekkonen, the President of Finland, speaks during the banquet held in his honour at Guildhall in the City of London. On his left is the Lord Mayor, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen. In his speech, Dr. Kekkonen said that the Finns, in the eyes of many people, might appear to be living in a dangerous place, but they had no wish to change their role and believed that they had found the right policy of good neighbourly relations. **Left:** President Kekkonen talks with Mr. A. L. P. Norrington, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, as they walk in procession to Trinity College. Dr. Kekkonen and his wife had luncheon with the Vice-Chancellor during their visit to Oxford

JOHN CONNELL

THE CASE OF MR. TSHOMBE

Mr. Tshombe's regime in Katanga was certainly not faultless; but it made the province economically and politically viable; law and order —of a kind—were sustained; industry continued to function; the frontier with Northern Rhodesia was correctly controlled, Europeans kept their homes and livelihoods, and were neither humiliated nor murdered. These are virtues and they are now all in jeopardy. The circumstances of Mr. Tshombe's arrest after he walked out of the conference at Coquilhatville (for which he had reportedly been promised a safe conduct), of his detention, and then of his being charged by the Leopoldville Government with high treason, are, to my mind, all sickening.

It is easy enough to put the primary blame on the unpredictable and utterly undisciplined Congolese Army. The soldiers acknowledge no political master, and act always on their own immediate whim. They, after all, rounded on Lumumba, and when they had manhandled him to their satisfaction, they handed him over to Tshombe. Their rout and massacre of some U.N. forces—Ghanaians with British and Swedish officers—at Port Francqui were the consequence of their resentment of the U.N. protection of a provincial minister whose blood they were after. They are nasty and brutish; and until they are disarmed they will be a menace.

Mr. Tshombe (centre), the Katanga separatist leader, and his " Foreign Minister," Mr. Kimba, under arrest in Coquilhatville

But who is to disarm them? Who has the will and the power? President Kasavubu, who talks grandly about bringing Katanga to heel? Mr. Justin Bomboko, who figured worthily in the Congo's turbulent history when last July he tried to prevent the murder of Europeans? The " strong man," General Mobutu? The forces of the United Nations? The soldiers are a far more difficult proposition than an unarmed and admittedly reckless Mr. Tshombe, who, as he faces his trial, can only bitterly regret having accepted his enemies' offer of safe conduct.

It is public knowledge that Sir Roy Welensky strongly urged the British Government to use its influence in the United Nations to procure Mr. Tshombe's release before it was too late. The British Government lacked the stomach for resolute and swift action on this issue, as (I dislike having to say it) on most others. The time will come when we shall all regret—probably as bitterly as Mr. Tshombe—that matters were allowed to slide. Our Government has weakly shirked responsibility. The fate of Mr. Tshombe himself may not be all that important; but millions of Africans, in all the newly emergent nations, will take note of the fate that befalls an African political leader who genuinely and actively tries to work with his country's former European rulers. Mr. Tshombe has been callously betrayed. With his elimination there dies any flickering hope for the " moderate " African leader, in the Congo or elsewhere. The extremist will win in the end (and he will exploit his victory ruthlessly) because the " moderate's " European friends will let him down—this is the bleak lesson taught by Mr. Tshombe's experience.

Mr. Tshombe's regime guarded the real wealth of Katanga; those who have ousted him from power will dissipate it. That is why they are so eager to get their hands on it. The financial straits of the Congolese Republic are only part—though an important part—of its general chaos. In the short term the capture of Katanga's resources may alleviate the situation a little: a few people will get some back pay; a few more large and imposing cars may be bought for the political bosses. But there will be an immediate collapse of external confidence, a withdrawal of capital, and a renewed flight of Europeans. Kitwe, a mining town in Northern Rhodesia in which I stayed a few weeks ago, experienced one tidal wave of refugees last year; it will have to prepare for another now. 1961 looks as if it will be as grim a year in African history as 1960.

If the Congolese Republic is in financial trouble, so is the whole United Nations operation there, civilian as well as military. The cash is running out quickly; it has been supplied, in large measure, by two nations—Britain and the United States—whose military participation has been vigorously excluded from the outset. If the money were not to be subscribed any more, what would happen to the whole grandiose, costly and ill-managed venture? What indeed would happen to the United Nations Organisation itself? These are inconvenient questions but they must be asked.

It is time that a candid and searching appraisal was made of all aspects of U.N.'s work and effort in the Congolese Republic. Some of that work, without doubt, is excellent. Some of it is superfluous, and some of it is actively harmful. And it is all extremely costly. A rescue operation has been converted, over the months, into an attempt to reconstruct and administer a huge, shapeless ruined country of some 900,000 sq. miles; and this attempt has been made alongside the African politicians' own effort, in their own African fashion, to come to terms with their task. It is not difficult to see why tempers have been sometimes frayed, and relations have been strained between the African politicians and U.N.'s representatives.

Others have been singularly unhelpful—the Russians, for example—but ultimate responsibility for the continuing tragedy of the Congo must be shared between the Congolese politicians and the United Nations Organisation. To support and help President Kasavubu, Mr. Bomboko and General Mobutu, in their attempt to reconquer Katanga and undo the effects that Mr. Tshombe's regime has apparently achieved, is no way in which to enhance the reputation and the prestige of the United Nations.

The day after Mr. Bomboko announced the forthcoming trial of Mr. Tshombe, Lord Robins, the President of the British South Africa Company, wrote a brief, immensely cogent (in my opinion) letter to *The Times*, the last paragraph of which read: " Are we not to press the United Nations to give Mr. Tshombe a safe conduct back to his province? If we are not prepared to do this, it seems to me that our Government, while contributing a large sum to maintain United Nations forces in the Congo, is showing a cynical disregard for the importance of stability in the one of its provinces which has shown itself capable of preserving this."

That is a stern stricture. I most heartily concur with the view expressed by Lord Robins.

A man of extraordinary energy and impish humour, Pablo Picasso will celebrate his eightieth birthday this autumn: he has been painting continuously since his early youth in Malaga, in Spain, at the turn of the century and has led most of the influential movements in a turbulent period of art. To-day he lives quietly at his villa near Cannes, where he was photographed recently with his huge Dalmatian by Douglas Glass. (The dog appears in one of his latest paintings.) Not long ago, Picasso married again. His wife is Jacqueline Roque, his favourite model and his constant companion for the last five years. The marriage took place secretly in a civil ceremony at Vallauris in the South of France and it was some time before the news leaked out. Picasso was reported to be delighted at the surprise occasioned by his marriage. Last year's gigantic exhibition of his works at London's Tate Gallery, generally agreed to be the most impressive one-man show held this century, revealed the vast achievement of the artist's work and the extraordinary variety of his many "periods". The 269 paintings drew huge crowds and were in themselves a demonstration of the journey art has taken in the last sixty years

PICASSO AT HOME

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

HERO OF THE UNION. Commander Shepard is the first Western astronaut (or whatever the label is). The claims of " democracy " allow no secrets. We demand to be admitted to the Pope's private room and to the laboratory's secrets *instanter*. The other side of the Iron Curtain, it is possible to draw the veil while human guinea-pigs are being experimented with, and if there should be a failure or two before success, the whole world need not know of it. With the inevitable doubts of a Victorian, I hail Gagarin and Shepard as heroes of their Unions and superb vindicators of the undying triumph of human spirit and courage. What good will come of their triumphs in the next decades, I am too old to guess at. In their flights they left behind them a pretty sorry and sick little earth, and " first things first " is not a slogan for science. But if space flight is more important than the cleaning-up of our dirty little star, then I rejoice that the Americans have regained their shaken morale and pray that, in the race to the stars, space may become one and indivisible as a testing ground for world scientists and not a " lists " for ideologies in bitter rivalry. A serene blue sky above us is an earthly blessing we can't (and don't) have too much of.

BRISTOL FASHION. It is never easy to probe the motives of a majority in a by-election. But this time at Bristol S.E., parish pumps were not involved. Whatever may come of the re-engagement at Westminster and in the courts, I hazard a theory of those motives. We know that many Conservative voters deliberately stayed away at Bristol. Nevertheless, Mr. Benn's victory was sweeping and significant and probably the " cynicism " of Mr. Lloyd's Budget and the obstinacy of Mr. Butler in the face of obvious anxiety of the public in regard to the unchecked crime wave (which closely touches Bristol) had as much to do with the result as the hereditary principle. But the " obstinacy " of both Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Butler on the last-named issue is not to be excluded. It is clear that a majority of the nation is now opposed to the continuance of a system which keeps the Upper House preponderantly composed of hereditary peers, whatever powers that House may exercise. And hitherto Mr. Macmillan in vigorously recruiting the hereditary element side by side with recommending life-peerages, and Mr. Butler, in resisting anything more than another tardy select committee to explore avenues of reform, have clearly resisted a strong majority demand for more urgent action. But nevertheless " by creek and inlet making," House of Lords reform is on the way; the hereditary principle is shaken. Mr. Gaitskell, for instance, if he ever became Prime Minister, has estopped himself by his bitter words about nonsense and snobbery from ever following Lord Attlee's acceptance of an earldom, and in the Labour and Liberal Parties at least, the hereditary viscount is like to be at a discount. My own slender prophecy is that very soon indeed the Government now will accept a kick in the pants and practically acknowledge that times have changed (especially since political reaction is clearly setting against them) and will remove some of the antiquities and anomalies surviving from the age of privilege.

THE IMPORTANCE OF *GOOD* NEWS. The Government has appointed an Under-Secretary for Shipping. Why not add one more to the hierarchy—an under-Minister for Good News? It gets you down if you must listen and read month after month, day after day, a catalogue of calamity, blared out and headlined on B.B.C. and in the Press; and cynicism and disillusion may soon persuade us that we are beyond salvation. Somewhere, sandwiched in between the daily record of murders, rapes, violent robbery, insurrections, riots and senseless strikes, there must be some little rays of comfort, some small indications that some of us are doing a decent job, standing against the muddy tide of general corruption, working with our hands the thing which is good. It would be the Minister's job to sleuth out these gleams from the little candle in a naughty world and forcibly introduce them to the radio and Press. If the Minister is to succeed, no doubt he would need to turn his telescope often to his blind eye and indulge in a good deal of *suppressio veri*. But it would be justified *pro tem*, and if success came, a £100,000 a year salary would be justified. I would invite him to pay a call at our village. Positively we are *not* wholly black and corrupt. There are among us a score of virtuous men and women (unpaid) working hard for our community, visiting the sick, comforting the old, guiding the young. Every other week-end a bunch of boys, hiking on foot with heavy packs, ask leave to bed-down in my backyard and are gone again before 7.30 a.m., leaving the place tidy and a message of grateful thanks on the gate. Half the boys of the village play cricket or football on the green or bird-watch (instead of robbing pavilions or shops) and a dozen teen-age girls spend their spare time doing Red Cross training, and scores of farmers and gardeners work long hours. I

The Queen Mother places the commemorative casket in the stone block during the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of Aldermary House, London, the new headquarters of the Association of the British Insurance Companies. Following the ceremony the Queen Mother attended a reception in Guildhall

In another recent engagement in London, the Queen Mother stops to speak to a first-year student from Jamaica, Miss P. M. Burrowes, in the new Sir John Atkins Laboratories at Queen Elizabeth College in Kensington. As Chancellor of London University, the Queen Mother formally opened the laboratories last week

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The Army Gliding Club's *Skylark II* flies over the Hampshire countryside near Lasham Aerodrome. The National Gliding Championships are being held at Lasham, May 13—22

suspect that our village is not unique. I believe that Britain may still possess a majority of decent citizens, though you would not guess it from the headlines. If so, it is high time that the majority got some of the limelight. If the new Minister would get to work quickly, he might soft-pedal the cry of "All 's lost," and the good deed's little candle would throw its light much farther over this naughty world.

THE VOICE THAT IS STILL. I enjoy Lord Birkett's voice as much as I enjoy General Horrocks's on the air. And when he inaugurated recently at the Savoy, Pye's new series of the " sound of the voice that is still," I agreed with him in longing to be able to hear Sheridan at his best or even from time to time still to hear that glorious charge formerly made at Assizes to the foreman of the Grand Jury. How well I recall the first time when, as Marshal to Mr. Justice Darling at Warwick Assizes, I spoke the charge in about 1906 or 1907 to the foreman, Lord Algernon Percy, nervous but accurately and with a due reverence for the glorious phrases, which soon enough I came to roll luxuriously round my tongue, as our circuit continued. " Modern English " is all very well and can be rendered lucidly and with dignity, but the splendid periods of Holy Writ and the purple passages beloved of Macaulay and the classic orators of his time (and sometimes favoured by Sir Winston) are more exciting and inspiring, and for that reason, I pray for a right judgment for all those who are now wrestling with the Old Testament in a worthy effort to turn it into current English. Their New Testament version, I think, has in the main succeeded. Only last Sunday I heard the second lesson read from the New English Bible—perhaps an uncontroversial rendering of a jealously-guarded passage. If the congregation had not seen the wrapper of the volume from which the lesson was read, I doubt if any one of them would have noticed the differences.

At a reception at the Goldsmiths' Hall, London, the Bishop of Guildford and Lord Nelson of Stafford Prime Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company, admire gold and silver plate presented by the Company to the new cathedral. An appeal was launched at the reception, for £200,000 needed to complete the building. The consecration of Guildford Cathedral last Wednesday (May 17) was attended by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones

" AMONG OTHERS WE NOTICED." " When Eton reopens for the summer half (May 3) there will be 1,189 boys. . . . The new-comers include the Hon. C. D. Needham, the Hon. P. H. Nixon, the Hon. H. F. Hardinge and the Hon. G. J. Macdonald." So recorded *The Daily Telegraph*. The dear old *Morning Post* is not yet a sleeping partner. It wakes up every morning to assure us that the good old days are still with us, and " To-day's Birthdays " will surely record for us that Viscount Noodle is twenty-four to-day and the Hon. Ignotus Vere de Vere nineteen. All this is information we like to receive.

Mr. Gaitskell and his " nonsensical snobbery " is not everybody's cup of tea. Mr. Benn may rush like a bull into our china shop but he must not destroy our Dresden china Corydons. Leave us still our old nobility. One great newspaper at least is resolute to keep us U. But perhaps the effort is rather embarrassing for men and boys in King Henry's holy shade, now constantly under fire on the charge of " class " and " privilege," who protest their democracy and are only too conscious that they are—in comparison with the modern secondary schools—being educated the hard, uncomfortable way. Some of them may echo: " Save me from my friends."

HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES. I have not built up a picture gallery of dictators and other world trouble-makers since Hitler's first emergence, and I don't regret it. For, if I had done so, it would have been facially a rogues' gallery. They are in the main not distinguished for good looks, not what you could call " oil paintings." They do not compare favourably with pugilists or elder statesmen of the old school, or leaders in industry to-day. No doubt they were born with their faces and we are not entitled to read their minds and characters from their features. But it just so happens that they are not a bunch of Adonises. Take Hitler at his most raucous, Mussolini in a particularly hypocritical pose, add Castro laughing and, for good measure and balance, Cardona; consider poor Tshombe posing for an official photograph, Khrushchev, faithfully limned by Spear, or a dozen more of the leaders of groups and splinter groups in Africa to-day; or Nasser with that fearsome grin. It is not a question of colour or race. The dark races produce many fine and noble faces. It is possible that artists and photographers do not do justice to these dictators and other world figures in trouble-spots or that both artists and viewers see their faces through a distorting glass of their nuisance value in what remains of a saner civilisation.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

at the Palace Theatre

The art of the stage musical is escapist: there are few successful exceptions to this rule. Because the musical appeals to the senses, presenting a brilliantly-coloured emotional reality of its own, it works best as a dream world. The two most expert purveyors of the American dream have been Rodgers and Hammerstein, a partnership ended by Hammerstein's death not long ago. Their last musical, *The Sound of Music*, is typical of their work. Running through all Oscar Hammerstein's books and lyrics was a vein of simple lyrical happiness which touched a responsive chord in Richard Rodgers's tunes. The theme of *The Sound of Music* provided many opportunities. It is set in Austria in 1938 and based upon the factual story of the Trapp Family Singers. Briefly told, the book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse concerns Maria Rainier, a young postulant in Nonnberg Abbey. The mother Abbess decides that Maria is unready to take her final vows and she becomes the governess to the seven children of the widowed Captain von Trapp—a translation from nunnery to nursery. Maria teaches the children to sing and eventually gains Captain von Trapp from his erstwhile fiancée, Elsa. As the Nazis enter Austria, the family flees to safety over the mountains. *The Sound of Music* is one of the composer's most ambitious scores and perhaps could best be described as operetta. It is reminiscent of another Rodgers and Hammerstein success, *The King and I*, with its triangle of governess, children, and father, following the hallowed Broadway formula that families on the stage mean many families in the audience. The exorbitant cost of mounting musicals in New York, and the consequent reluctance to take risks, has proved a straitjacket to novelty. But the surprising and welcome achievement of Rodgers and Hammerstein has been their ability to find freshness and charm inside the formulæ.

Captain von Trapp (Roger Dann) dances with Maria (Jean Bayless) at a party at his home

Hiding from the Nazis in the Abbey garden are, from left, Friedrich (John Coxall), Captain von Trapp; the Mother Abbess (Constance Shacklock) and Maria

The von Trapp children enjoy themselves at the party

Maria sings to the children during a thunderstorm

Maria is dressed for her wedding by postulants from Nonnberg Abbey

Von Trapp is offered a commission in the German Army. From left are Max (Harold Kasket); Zeller (Peter Swanwick); Maria; Admiral von Schreiber (Hilary Wontner); and von Trapp

Max, Elsa (Eunice Gayson) and von Trapp

Right: The von Trapp Family Singers at the Kaltzburg Festival. The children are, front row, Kurt (John Bosch); Brigitta (Susan Whitnell); Gretl (Melanie Parr); and Marta (Ann Dyer). Behind are Liesl (Barbara Brown); Louisa (Janet Ware); and Friedrich (John Coxall)

Photographs by Tom Hustler

Below: Maria Rainier teaches children to sing

Liesl, the eldest daughter of the family

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

GREAT BRITAIN

The Wolfson Institute of the Postgraduate Medical School at Hammersmith, which was opened earlier this month by Mr. Macmillan is an important addition to the advancement of medicine inside the Commonwealth and outside it. The Prime Minister referred to the " princely generosity " of Mr. Isaac Wolfson, the financier, whose contribution of £150,000 had made possible the construction of the Institute, containing one large and two smaller lecture theatres.

The Postgraduate medical school, established over twenty-five years ago, was the first university school in Great Britain and the Commonwealth to be devoted solely to the further education of graduates in medicine. It has undertaken much pioneer work including successful experiments with the now famous artificial kidney and artificial heart-lung machines.

In a quarter of a century some 14,000 qualified practitioners from all over the world have been provided with specialist training and advanced medical study. In this total have been 6,628 from the United Kingdom; 1,388 from Canada; 1,212 from India and Pakistan and Ceylon; 761 from South Africa; 691 from Australia; 390 from New Zealand; 29 from Rhodesia and 246 from other parts of the Commonwealth. The U.S.A. has sent 833 graduates.

In the words of Mr. Macmillan, the new Wolfson Institute should help the Postgraduate School to become still more a meeting place for international gatherings and the dissemination of knowledge.

Mr. Macmillan, with two students from overseas, after he had opened the Wolfson Institute of the Postgraduate Medical School in London. Left is Dr. Newman, the Dean

CANADA

The Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources, which is responsible for education of Canadians in the Northwest Territories and the Arctic, has announced that an estimated $2,236,250 (approximately £814,000) will be spent in 1961-62 to expand school facilities for the educational system operated in the Arctic and Mackenzie Districts. Expenditures will provide for the expansion of schools, hostels, residences for staff and other facilities and for the purchase of equipment required in their operation. A feature of the programme in the Arctic is the establishment of family-type hostels in nine Arctic communities. These hostels are designed to provide accommodation for a local couple and for up to eight schoolchildren whose homes are too far away from the school for them to live there and attend classes every day.

There are about fifty schools at present in the Territories, and among those opened in 1960 were two interesting new ventures for the North. A new school at Fort Simpson includes the first classroom for the study of agricultural science, and quarters in the old school building accommodate hard-of-hearing and sight-saving classes. The 1959 vocational training programme included many trade skills for students of all ages. One Eskimo girl took on-the-job-training as an air hostess from a northern airline and now flies between Montreal and Frobisher Bay. Another Eskimo air hostess who trained as a nurses' aide some years ago flies between Winnipeg and Churchill. Interesting too is the fact that the first oil-drilling crew to work north of the Arctic Circle included three Eskimos who had been trained in Calgary as oil-workers.

Teaching in the Arctic can be rigorous—though in some parts of the North it is hardly more so than in rural schools in the northern half of the provinces. But whatever its demands there is never any lack of applicants—although choosing the right ones must be done with discrimination. With so many teachers willing to accept the challenge of an Arctic posting, qualifications can afford to be the highest in Canada, and they are.

The Canadian Government has initiated vigorous programmes to bring education and medical care to every northern resident who can be reached. The R.C.M.P. also carries out field duties for the Canadian Government. The Arctic has always tested to the limit the resourcefulness and courage of those who live and work there and it makes no exceptions of race. To keep contact—over some 900,000 square miles—with an Eskimo population of 12,000 that still often chooses to live the life of the hunting camps, calls for the co-operation of all who share the high latitudes with them—northern service officers, teachers, doctors, nurses, missionaries, traders, radio operators and weather men.

AUSTRALIA

One hundred years ago, in the suburb of Richmond, near Melbourne, a child was born whose voice was to be hailed by the musical critics of the world as ranking among the great voices of all time. The child was Nellie Mitchell, to become known as Nellie Melba; the date of her birth was May 19, 1861. This week the centenary is being noted wherever music-lovers gather.

Dame Nellie Melba

Melba's father, David Mitchell, had a good bass voice and her mother was an accomplished pianist, harpist and organist. The daughter was first thought to have particular talent as a pianist but one evening after she had both sung and played at Government House, Melbourne, the Marchioness of Normanby, wife of the Governor, praised her singing, predicting that it could make her famous. No prediction could have been more accurate. Studying first under Pietro Cecchi, a retired Italian singer, Nellie Melba came to London in 1886 with her father who had been appointed Victorian Commissioner to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. But London held out little promise so Melba went to Paris as a pupil of Mme. Marchesi who, on hearing her voice, sensed " something extraordinary " in it.

Under Marchesi Melba made her debut in grand opera on October 13, 1886, appearing in *Rigoletto* at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels. Here she received such acclaim that London was quick to make amends. On May 24, 1888, she made the first of many appearances at Covent Garden; on this occasion in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Success followed success as Melba sang in the world's great capitals. After 1907 she divided her time between Australia and Europe. While in her homeland her influence on the future careers of young and promising Australian singers was profound. She taught for a time at the Albert Street Conservatorium of Music, East Melbourne, which, after her death was renamed the Melba Memorial Conservatorium of Music. Her name is also perpetuated by Melba Hall at the Melbourne University Conservatorium of Music. In 1918, her great contribution to Australian music was recognised when she was created a Dame of the British Empire.

Dame Nellie's final appearance at Covent Garden was in June 1926 at the age of sixty-five. In the following year she sang the National Anthem at the opening of Federal Parliament House, Canberra, by the then Duke and Duchess of York. Her last appearance in Australia was at a concert at Geelong in November 1928. The two following years were spent in London. She then returned to Australia where, on February 23, 1931, she died, leaving a musical heritage of rare quality.

Right: The annual service on the anniversary of V.E.-Day at the Runnymede memorial to missing airmen of the Commonwealth is conducted by the Ven. F. W. Cocks, the Chaplain-in-Chief of the Royal Air Force. The memorial stands on Cooper's Hill above the Thames. On its walls are recorded the names of the 20,455 airmen of the Commonwealth Forces who gave their lives in the last war and have no known graves

WEALTH

A Commonwealth medical centre in London; more schools in the Canadian Arctic; a great Australian singer, and Pakistan's national poet

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

At Phaleron war cemetery, in Greece, the unveiling ceremony takes place of the memorial to the 2,888 Commonwealth soldiers who died in Greece and Yugoslavia between 1940 and 1945 and who have no known graves. Among those standing in front of the memorial are King Paul of the Hellenes and the Duke of Gloucester, who performed the act of unveiling. The guard of honour was mounted by kilted soldiers of the Black Watch and the Greek Royal Guard. In the detachments present from Australia and New Zealand some of the men had wartime service in Greece

PAKISTAN

Pakistan and Pakistanis everywhere else in the world have recently celebrated Iqbal Day—the day annually dedicated to the memory of Allama Sir Mohammad Iqbal, the poet-philosopher of Pakistan. He died in 1938, full nine years before the emergence of Pakistan, but that makes him no less Pakistan's national poet. Certain relationships are unaffected by distance in any time—that between Iqbal and Pakistan is a good illustration. Pakistan was the direct result of the Pakistan movement among Muslims of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent, and Iqbal was the inspiration of that movement in more ways than one. In the first place his poetry and his other writings contributed directly to Muslim renaissance in the sub-continent, without which the Pakistan movement would have been without momentum. Secondly, Iqbal was the first to conceive the idea of Pakistan and give public expression to it. This he did as early as 1930, in the course of his presidential address to the annual session of the All-India Muslim League.

All this is enough to make Iqbal a national hero in Pakistan. But he was too great a poet and thinker to be imprisoned within any strictly national boundaries. His poems were written in Urdu or Persian, and only some fragments have been translated into English, so that the West has still to discover Iqbal. Whoever is able to make Iqbal's works available through translation to a wider public will have rendered an inestimable service to all humanity.

Allama Sir Mohammad Iqbal

Iqbal gave particularly anguished thought to the central problem of the Islamic world: what had caused it to lose its dynamism? Iqbal found his own answer and it is embodied in two long poems—*Asrar-i-Khudi*, translated by the late Professor R. A. Nicholson, under the title *The Secrets of the Self*, and *Rumuz-i-Bekhudi*, translated by Professor A. J. Arberry under the title *The Mysteries of Selflessness*. The theme of the first is the ego, or individuality, as distinguished from self-negation, as the moral and religious ideal of man. In the second poem he discusses ideal society and the dependence of its evolution on the association of self-affirming individuals.

All poetry is difficult to translate. It can at best, like the reverse of a tapestry, convey some idea of the original design without communicating its full brilliance or beauty. Of Iqbal, Professor Arberry says: "I know of no Oriental poet who confronts the translator with problems so various and so stubborn." The following lines, which have been picked at random from two of Allama Sir Mohammad Iqbal's poems, are a good illustration, because they try to give the poet's meaning but can give little idea of the grandeur, the resonance or the beauty of the original:

Beyond the blue heavens lies the destiny of the Muslim,
Thine is the caravan that raises a dust of stars.

"What can I do? My nature is averse to rest;
My heart is impatient like the breeze in the poppy field;
From the spark to the star, from the star to the sun
Is my quest;
I have no desire for a goal,
For me, rest spells death!
With an impatient eye and a hopeful heart
I seek for the end of that which is endless."

Mr. G. D. L. White

Mr. F. A. K. Harrison

New Zealand's new Deputy High Commissioner to the U.K., Mr. G. D. L. White, arrived in London last week to assume his post. He had been Chargé d'Affaires at the New Zealand Embassy in Washington for the previous two-and-a-half years. Mr. F. A. K. Harrison is to be the new U.K. Deputy High Commissioner in New Zealand and will take up his appointment in August. At present Mr. Harrison is Head of the Central Africa Department in the Commonwealth Relations Office. He has held posts in the High Commissions for the United Kingdom in New Delhi and Peshawar

Obidos, a little medieval fortified town rising above the plains of Estremadura, was once in the dowry of the Queens of Portugal. The surrounding walls have been much restored, but the old houses and narrow streets have changed little through the centuries. As in most Portuguese towns, many of the buildings are decorated with beautiful coloured tiles—an art that was introduced into the country by the Moors

CASTLES IN PORTUGAL

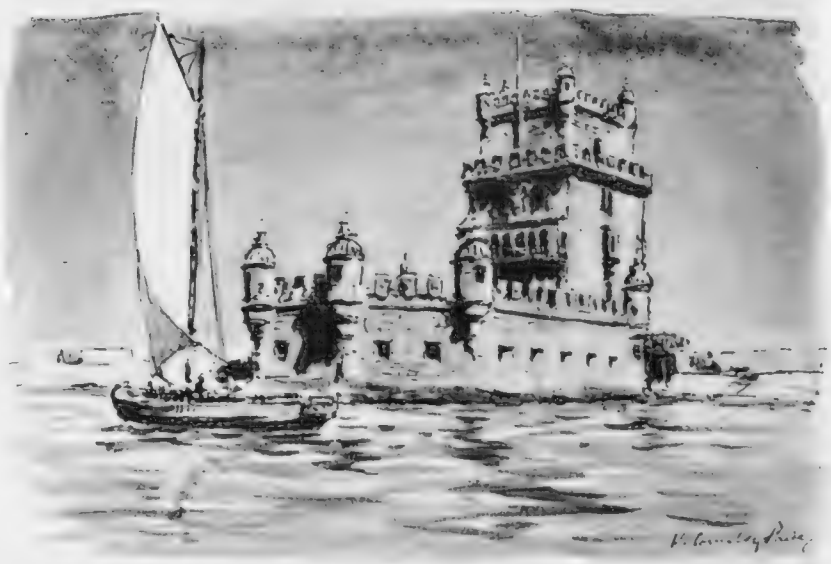
Written and illustrated by **VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE**

Any intending visitor to Portugal who is wondering where to go in order to get a good general impression of that country during a two- or three-week holiday could hardly do better than make a tour of some of the principal castles. He need not fear that, like one who seeks " castles in Spain," he will be embarking on a wild-goose chase. Nearly every little town of any importance has a castle, or at least some vestiges of old fortifications. Lisbon is dominated by the Castle of St. George, which commands a splendid view over the city and the River Tagus. If you stand on the ramparts in the glow of the setting sun and look down upon the famous Black Horse Square, or westwards to the dark silhouette of the Sintra hills, you will feel the urge to learn something of the history of this place. Later, as you go on from castle to castle, among vineyards and forests of cork oaks and all the exotic vegetation of Portugal, you will discover how often threads of British and Portuguese history have been entwined.

The Moors occupied this corner of Europe from the eighth until the middle of the twelfth century and many of the castles were built by them. In 1147 the first King of Portugal enlisted the help of some English and Flemish Crusaders to drive out the infidels and, although in the end some of them became a nuisance, they recovered Lisbon from the Moors after a siege lasting seventeen weeks.

Not far from the city the sixteenth-century tower of Belém, which shows some Moorish influence, projects like a bastion into the river. It stands on the spot from which many of the early discoverers set sail. One of them was Vasco da Gama, who first rounded the Cape of Good Hope on the way to India. Most of the great voyages of these intrepid navigators were inspired and directed by Dom Henrique, known as Prince Henry the Navigator. He was one of the six sons of King John I of Portugal, and his English Queen, Philippa. At Sagres, overlooking the sea on the southernmost tip of Portugal, you can still see the fortress where Prince Henry planned the voyages of discovery.

One of the most famous castles is at Guimarães, the original capital of Portugal in the twelfth century and one of the homes of the Dukes of Bragança. Bragança itself is a medieval citadel, with a keep over 100 ft. in height, surrounded by high walls. There are several other walled towns, such as Estremoz, with its castle on a hill built in 1281 by King Diniz, who married St. Elizabeth of Portugal, the Holy Queen; Marvão, which had great military importance in the Middle Ages; and Obidos, where the narrow streets within the walls still retain their medieval character. Obidos can be reached easily from Lisbon. Marvao, near the Spanish frontier, is only one of many castles in the Alentejo,



The early sixteenth-century tower of Belém rises from the Tagus near Lisbon. Its style is Manuelīne, a peculiarly Portuguese form of architecture which takes its name from the reīgn of King Manuel the Fortunate (1495 to 1521). During this period the great Portuguese sailors were opening up new worlds. The tales they told of strange beasts and plants on their return home strongly influenced the Manueline architecture

the province with the largest forests of cork oaks, which make Portugal the world's biggest supplier of cork.

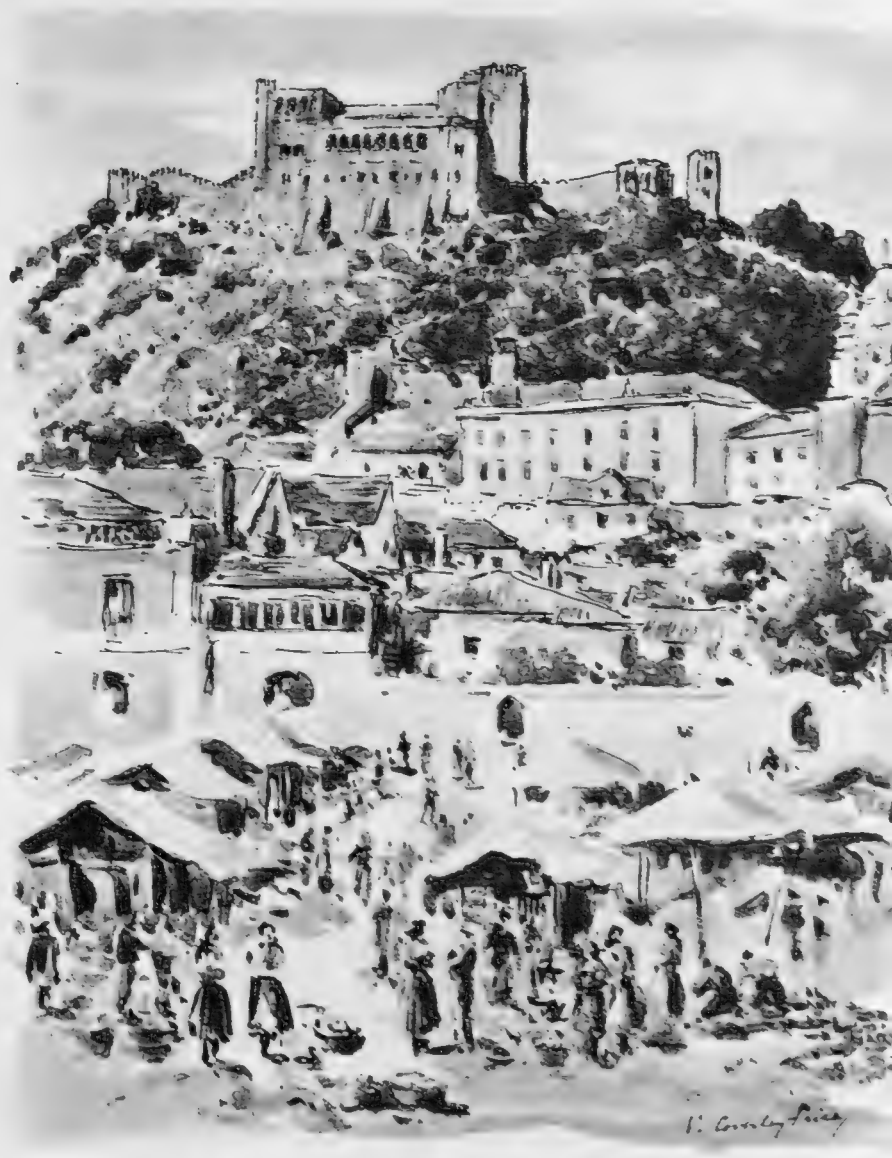
Even if you do not travel far inland, you can see many castles on or near the Atlantic coast. The Sintra Hills are within sight of the sea and almost every wooded summit seems to be crowned with a castle or a palace. The interior of the predominant Pena Palace, which was built in the Scottish Baronial style, has been little changed since it was used by the last Kings of Portugal, but it does not give the impression of a comfortable home. It is, however, worth visiting for the magnificent view over the Tagus estuary and for the remarkable collection of trees and plants in the surrounding park. On a neighbouring height stand the remains of a Moorish castle, which is said to have been captured from the Moors in the twelfth century by Crusaders led by the King of Norway.

To the south, beyond the Tagus estuary, lies the fishing village of Sesimbra, with a castle of its own, and not far away are the ruins of Palmela, one of the largest castles in the country. Close by is Setúbal, with the Castle of S. Filipe, where the fishing-boats bring in their huge catches of sardines. The red soil of the hinterland produces fine crops of olives and grapes, which tempt one to go and see how wine and olive oil are made. The quest for castles in Portugal stimulates interest, not only in Portuguese history, but in many of the occupations of the people, for it leads one, incidentally, to numerous places that one might not otherwise think of visiting.

The Pena Palace at Sintra, seen from the Moorish Castle. The latter was captured by Crusaders from the Moors in the twelfth century. The Palace stands on the site of an early monastery and was reconstructed in 1840 in the Scottish Baronial style by Ferdinando II, a cousin of Queen Victoria's Consort, Prince Albert. All that remains of the monastery is a sixteenth-century chapel, a distinct contrast to its pseudo-Gothic surroundings. The town of Sintra became popular with the British in the late eighteenth century. Byron is reputed to have written part of " Childe Harolde " there

Founded by the Knights Templar, the castle of Lamourel stands on an island in the Tagus. It is, perhaps, unique among Portuguese castles, for little is known of its history

The bleak eleventh-century castle at Guimarães, " the Cradle of the Nation," is built on a grassy mound. Here in 1110 Afonso Henriques was born. He became the first King of Portugal in 1140 when, with the aid of Crusaders, he drove out the Moors. Guimaraes, in the north of the country, has many other associations with history



High above the houses of Leiria is the Castle of King Diniz and his Holy Queen, St. Elizabeth. From it splendid views can be obtained over the town to the river Liz. Nearby is the splendid monastery of Batalha, built to commemorate the defeat of the Castilians at Aljubarrota in 1385, as result of which Portugal attained her independence

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE SOLITARY BEE

My interest in bees, such as it is—though real, it is not very profound—was first aroused many years ago, when a small bee took possession of the keyhole of my potting-shed. This was my first garden and my first potting-shed, and I suppose that pride of ownership made me more aware of what was going on around me. I had not, until that moment, realised that bees did this sort of thing: if I thought about them at all, I am sure I thought that all the varieties of small bees—but I did know that this was not the case with the big bumble bees—lived in colonies like wasps and honey-bees.

This, therefore, was a revelation. I used to watch that bee buzzing in and out of that keyhole with fascinated interest. We never touched the door. I dare say that we did not even enter the potting-shed for fear of disturbing her. We were very proud of that bee. We continued to be even after we found that almost everyone in the village had, at some time or another, had a bee in a keyhole—or said that they had. We did not really believe them.

In the following year, 1925, we had moved and I was busy making a new garden—or rather, bringing back to life an old one that had been long neglected. I read an article by Balfour-Browne, who was then Lecturer in Entomology at Cambridge, about solitary bees and " bee-walls." I can remember almost every detail of that article to-day, so greatly did it impress me. Balfour-Browne had spent years in the study of solitary bees and wasps, but when he moved to a small garden in Cambridge he found that, though there were plenty of solitary bees and wasps about, there were no suitable nesting-places for them.

They foraged in his garden, but popped over the fence to nest. So he set about providing suitable nesting-sites by building a bee-wall. For this he used an ordinary seed-box, 3 ins. deep, filled it with wet clay and a little straw, and then bored holes in this material to form burrows the full depth of the box. Then he put the box out in the sun to dry and, when it was dry, fixed it vertically on the garden fence facing south, so that it got as much sunlight as possible: bees and wasps are lovers of the sunshine and are rarely active when it is absent. Within a day or two bees and wasps were prospecting the site: within a week several of the holes were occupied.

The whole idea thrilled me. I, too, would have a bee-wall. But I am not a handyman and I knew from past experience that if I tried to make a bee-wall out of a seed-box, easy though it obviously was, disaster would attend my efforts. I saved myself the trouble and disappointment by going to a builder and buying some ventilator bricks. Each of these bricks had three rows of eight holes each, and they made a most handsome bee-wall. The bees thought so, too: in no time at all several of the holes were occupied.

Balfour-Browne, being a scientist, went much further with his bee-wall. He wanted to find out exactly what went on in the burrow before it was finally sealed up by the bee or wasp. He had little glass tubes made to fit into the holes, so that they could be drawn out at will and the insect's work examined throughout all its stages. (He found, incidentally, that a working bee would continue to work in the tube while it was being drawn out and while it was held in the hand and examined, so intent would she be. I need not have been so anxious about that bee in my keyhole!)

I thought of following this example but it seemed to me that I should be going to a lot of trouble to no purpose. After all, I could find out what went on inside the burrows from the books. All I wanted was a bee-wall: just to be able to sit and watch these strange little insects when I wanted to, without disturbing them ; and in time, perhaps, come to be able to tell one from another.

I cannot do that, and never shall. All sorts of bees and wasps use the bee-wall: leaf-cutting bees, mining bees, potter bees, digger wasps, mason wasps, and so on. I do not pretend that I can distinguish the different species. I can distinguish the broad groups by now. That is chiefly a matter of observing habits, which is not very difficult. But within the group I can identify only a few with certainty—one or two of the *Osmia* bees; one or two of the *Odynerus* wasps (the caterpillar-hunting wasps)—and often I am content to know, or hope I know, the group. I suppose that this ignorance ought to worry me. It does not. I have no wish to catch and kill specimens for identification. I am happy to watch them alive.

Watching, I have learnt one thing about these solitary bees and wasps. In one way they are very like human beings: they like to save themselves trouble. All the different sorts, bees and wasps, have habits specific to the species: some dig in sand, some bore in wood, and so on. They ought not all to come to a bee-wall, but they do. They all have one thing in common: they won't say " no " to a ready-made home. And they are very easy to watch. Unlike the hive-bees and the community-nesting wasps, they are very good-tempered, too intent upon the job to bother about the watcher. The bees, in fact, take no notice at all, no matter how close you may be: the wasps, in my experience, are shyer, but they too soon become accustomed.

All the holes in a ventilator brick look alike to me. You would not think it could make any difference which you lived in. But bees, *Osmias* especially, are astonishingly fussy over choosing a hole, going into one after another and back again before reaching a decision. Mind made up, the bee sits in the entrance, facing outwards, for some time. Then she turns round and round, about a dozen times, just inside the entrance. Next she leaves the hole and flies backwards and forwards in front of it, at varying distances, but always facing it; obviously noting its position in relation to the holes all around.

This approach to housekeeping is very impressive: you cannot help but form a high opinion of the bee's intelligence. So it comes as quite a shock, after all this, to find that *Osmia* bees are not particularly good at finding their hole in a bee-wall. It is not at all uncommon for one to enter the wrong hole and get thrown out by the indignant owner.

But I have never noticed anything of this sort, neither the reconnaissance nor the mistakes, on the part of solitary wasps. They seem to be just as good at finding their holes without fuss as they are at finding the caterpillars which they paralyse and store for their young to feed upon. This treatment of caterpillars seems to be regarded by most humans as " not quite cricket," but it is really very clever. If you have a bee-wall—and every garden ought to have one: nothing elaborate, just one brick, one " do-it-yourself " seed-box—you will, I feel sure, soon develop a boundless admiration for these shy, undemonstrative, little creatures. They may be ruthless, but they are much more selective, and therefore more efficient, than ruthless man with his toxic sprays.

TEMPLE MANOR RESTORED

A magnificent example of thirteenth-century building, Temple Manor, at Strood, near Rochester, in Kent, has been restored by the Ministry of Works and is open to the public from Saturday, May 20. **Left** is the building in 1949, before work started, with the roof partly collapsed. **Right** is Temple Manor to-day. The estate once belonged to the Knights Templar, who built the substantial stone hall, on a vaulted undercroft, in about 1225. In the early 17th century, brick additions were built at each end

The *Yachting World's* new "build-her-yourself" catamaran, designed by Roderick Macalpine-Downie. **Below:** *Bluejacket*, which came second in Class 2 of the Southsea-Harwich race

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

The *Yachting World's* "build-her-yourself" catamaran, which has just been announced, seems to be a remarkable craft. Designed by Roderick Macalpine-Downie, the designer of the *Thai* and the *Hellcat* built for John Fisk's challenge against America, she is exceptionally fast, nearly as fast as the much bigger *Thai*, and her easy manœuvrability is remarkable by catamaran standards. She is 15 ft. 6 ins. long with a beam of 7 ft., an ideal size for towing and parking. The hulls of the prototype, which was built by Sailcraft Ltd. of Brightlingsea, are of cold moulded veneer, but I understand that hulls of glass fibre reinforced plastic will be available to the amateur constructor who might find the process of cold-moulding a little difficult and tedious. The glass fibre hulls are included in a kit of prefabricated parts, the total cost of which, excluding sails, will be around £140. It is estimated that an amateur will be able to complete the craft in two or three weeks.

The astonishing thing about this catamaran is that before the design was announced, there were seven craft racing for several weeks. Orders were placed with the builders of the prototype by people who had seen it during the early trials, so impressed were they with the exceptional performance. The class has already been adopted by the newly-formed Catamaran Yacht Club (near Sheerness, Isle of Sheppey) and an official race was included in the opening day's programme last Sunday. Incidentally, *Hellcat* was to have made her first public appearance, showing her paces *hors concours* on this occasion. *Hellcat* is a large "cat," 25 ft. long with 14-ft. beam and 300-sq.-ft. sail area. The series of races resulting from the challenge made by John Fisk some time ago are now fixed to start on Friday, September 22, in Long Island Sound, and the first "cat" to win three races is to be the winner.

It has taken a long time to come to full agreement over the terms and conditions of the challenge, and only recently the Americans submitted the question: would solid sails be acceptable to the challenger? Apparently, they are going to select the defender out of several aspirants by holding trials, and one or two of these have expressed the wish to use solid sails. I understand no objection was raised on this side. The general view taken is that boats driven by rigid aerofoils might be faster to windward, but not off the wind.

The ocean racing season has opened with a swing. Winds up to Force 6 and 7 produced very fast times in both of the curtain-raisers which were started simultaneously from Southsea to Le Havre via the Lyme Bay Buoy and to Harwich. A fast run and a hard beat at the end made the latter race memorable, and a close battle was fought in Class II by two vessels, almost identical, both designed by Holman. *Bluejacket* built up a good lead during the run to the Outer Gabbard, but on the beat *Whirlwind* forged ahead and finally won by ten minutes on corrected time.

The hard conditions contributed to two unfortunate mishaps damaging two yachts in the fleet when they were near the Sunk L.V.: *St. Barbara* was dismasted and *Petasus* went aground suffering some damage, and both had to be towed into Harwich by the lifeboat. It was hoped that they would be able to race again in the Harwich to Hook of Holland race due to start on Friday, May 19. The number of entries for this race is thought to be an all-time record. Seventy-seven yachts are to race in the three classes, including some from the Netherlands and Belgium and one German entry.

A Greenland mother and her child in their national dress

A village called Umanak or Heart Mountain. The name is often found for a community near a mountain shaped li

THE "ARCTIC DENMARK"

Greenland, apart from the continent of Australia, is the largest island in the world, having an area of 840,000 square miles (nearly eight times that of Great Britain). Although there are some green valleys, especially in the south-west, grey mountains dominate most of the territory. The name Greenland was given it in the tenth century by the Icelander, Erik the Red. He hoped this attractive appellation would entice his fellow-countrymen to join him in settling there.

Danish missionaries went to Greenland in 1721 and from that time it has been associated with Denmark. From 1860 onwards there was steady evolution under Danish control towards domestic autonomy. In 1953, Greenland became an integral part of the Danish realm, with the same rights and the same measure of self-governing as the rest of Denmark.

In the vast Arctic region there are no more than 25,000 inhabitants, about the same number as the population of the London County Council borough of Holborn. Eskimos arrived from North America some 1,000 years ago. To-day the population is of mixed blood and there are few pure Eskimos left. The people are known as Greenlanders. They live in townships known as "colonies," in villages or "trading centres," and in hamlets or "settlements." The largest colony is Godthaab, with 2,000 inhabitants.

In the past the chief occupation of the population was seal-hunting. Most of the hunters, with their families, led nomadic lives following their prey. Where there were permanent communities homes were in huts made of turf and stones. To-day fishing is the most important industry. The nomadic life has disappeared and the bulk of the people have regular work and regular incomes. Houses are built of wood. Greenland has very few trees, so timber and other materials are imported.

The Greenlanders of the 1960's are modern in their outlook. Education is compulsory for all children between the ages of seven and fourteen. Schooling is provided at even the smallest settlements. In the large colonies there are hospitals and doctors. In the fishing industry the traditional kayak is being replaced by the motor cutter.

Greenland's whole existence has always been bound up with the sea. Recently, another element—the air—has begun to benefit the people. During the war military airfields were established by the Americans and now the civilian airport at Sondre Stromfjord is a staging-point on the regular transpolar air service between Scandinavia and North America. Looking ahead, the Greenlanders believe that in time their country will be opened up for tourism.

A man and woman outside an old-style dwelling. In right background is a modern home

eart of a freshly-caught seal

Old and new in Greenland—kayaks and motor fishing vessels in one of the fjords which abound round the coast

Kayaks and icebergs typify the traditional Greenland. In fact " Arctic Denmark " is rapidly being modernised, in keeping with its important position on a major air route

BOOKS

TRIUMPHS OF ORATORY

A selection of famous speeches; a wide variety of travel past and present; and this week's fiction

Eloquence, says the weighty volume your reviewer consulted, is the art of speaking with fluency, force and appropriateness, so as to appeal to the reason or move the feelings. And THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE—*A Treasury of British Speech* (Cassell. 21s.), as edited by Mr. Andrew Scotland, is indeed an anthology of immortal occasions on which appeals were made to our reason and our feelings, or those of our ancestors, were deeply moved. From the speech of Elizabeth I at Tilbury to the Duke of Edinburgh's address ten years ago to the British Association for the Advancement of Science there is not a passage unworthy of being included in a volume of this purpose. One's difficulty only is to refrain from quoting at length, whether from the words of that master, Edmund Burke, or from John Bright on Free Trade, or from our contemporary lion, Sir Winston Churchill. William Pitt's last speech is possibly the shortest and certainly one of the greatest in the English record, and that I will recall to you in full. "I return you many thanks," he said, "for the honour you have done me: but Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example." This is a book to cherish.

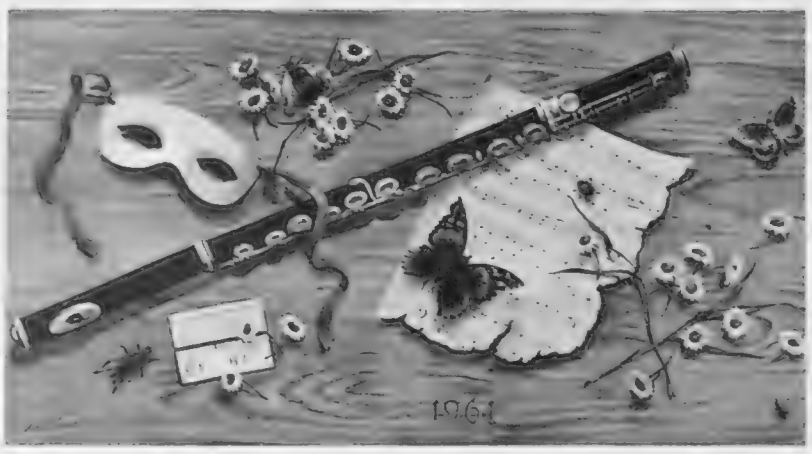
On his voyage last year to Peru the only notable and traditional sight which appears to have been missed by Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell was a glimpse of the *tapadas*, those ladies of Lima who were much admired by Darwin during his own rather earlier voyage in the *Beagle*. There is an excellent reason for this omission since these graces, who drew their shawls so cunningly about their heads that only one eye was ever visible, have disappeared into the past. GOLDEN WALL AND MIRADOR (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.) is a magnificent travel book covering, in Mr. Sitwell's inimitably stylish and erudite manner, not only Peru but Guatemala, Cuba and Yucatan, and illustrated most generously with beautiful and far from banal photographs and colour prints.

SOUTHWARD THE CARAVELS (Hutchinson. 25s.) is the story of Henry the Navigator, the Portuguese prince of the early fifteenth century who was one of the greatest discoverers the world has ever known. When one considers the bareness of his equipment and the utterly unknown hazards which he faced, his journeys and the results of his explorations must seem nothing short of miraculous to us. Mr. Ernle Bradford has written about him with a warmth and enthusiasm which are infectious. He has had one inestimable advantage in the preparation of such a study: the fact that he has himself sailed many of the same seas as Henry the Navigator in a 40-ft. yacht, little smaller but far less primitive than the boats which preceded him by at least five centuries.

Sir Reader Bullard's autobiography, THE CAMELS MUST GO (Faber. 25s.), is a remarkably interesting chapter in the diplomatic history of the Middle East, as viewed by an English administrator now in very active retirement and writing, in his seventies, with all the zest of a man forty years his junior. Sir Reader began his official career in the Levant Consular Service and, when he retired, was Ambassador at Teheran. In the long span in between he came to know—and to appreciate, which is by no means the same thing—countries as diverse as Iraq, Turkey, Morocco, Greece, Ethiopia, Persia and the Soviet Union. Throughout growing responsibilities and many crises he was also a perpetually alert observer, and his book reveals a character of wide interests and spontaneous reactions.

Mr. Charles Creed's great-great-great-grandfather in 1710 started a tailoring business. His descendant, the lively son of an English father and French mother, carries on the tradition and, in MAID TO MEASURE (Jarrolds. 21s.), has written an autobiography which is as illuminating as it is unconventional. It would be the greatest pity if this book were read only by those women who want the best tweeds, for the author has a fresh and amusing approach to subjects as various as active war service (beret by Lock, shoes by Lobb), Hollywood, gout, marriage and model girls.

THE FACES OF JUSTICE (Collins. 21s.) is an extraordinary book in the most exact sense of the word. It is unlike any other book that I can recall and, quite simply, is Mrs. Sybille Bedford's account of a journey through Europe during which, in each country she visited, she attended courts of law from the vantage point of the press box and wrote about the administration of the law, the different aspects of humanity, severity, tolerance and, on one occasion, a comic opera atmosphere. The whole thing makes fascinating reading, dramatic, poignant, even



THE GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA SEASON, the twentieth since Glyndebourne's foundation in 1934, begins on May 24. The cover for the programme book, the tenth to be produced, is by Carl Toms, painted in the *trompe l'œuil* manner. Previous designers of programme book covers have included Oliver Messel, Osbert Lancaster and Peter Rice. The opening production of the season at Glyndebourne is *L'Elisir d'Amore* by Donizetti, directed and designed by Franco Zeffirelli

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THE AGES OF SAIL

Accounts of a Variety of Sailing Ships

Until the Vikings began their long sea voyages in the eighth century sails were no more than an aid to travel; the oarsman was dominant. Ten centuries later the dominance of sail had in turn given way to steam, but in its last kick the age of sail was indeed a romantic one, and was perhaps best exemplified in the clipper *Flying Cloud*, her thirty white cotton sails ballooning before the trades, her bow slicing through the sea and shaking off the spray as she took 1,000 tons of cargo flying down the Atlantic to the Horn. In TALL SHIPS AND GREAT CAPTAINS (Gollancz. 21s.) A. B. C. Whipple takes some of the highlights of those ten dramatic centuries, telling the story of such ships as the *Nina*, the caravel which became the flagship of Columbus; the *San Martin*, flagship of the Spanish Armada; Bonnet's *Revenge*, the fastest of the pirate ships; Nelson's *Victory*; the ill-starred U.S. frigate *Constellation*; the victorious privateer the *Prince of Neufchâtel*; the whaler *Pocahontas*, and finally the clipper *Flying Cloud*. Mr. Whipple has a fine narrative style. These stories constitute an introduction to the maritime history of the world, bringing alive as they do each period of the development of sail.

We shall be debating for a long, long while to come the battles of the Second World War, and the claims of this one or that one to have been decisive. Perhaps only the Battle of Britain stands clearly outside these arguments. Malta will have its adherents; others will plump for Alamein and North Africa; and the Russians can point to Leningrad and Stalingrad. Ronald Seth, an officer who played a conspicuous part in the R.A.F., believes that the story of a North Atlantic Convoy (O.N.S.5) between April and May 1943, was the real "hinge of fate." In THE FIERCEST BATTLE (Hutchinson. 21s.) he sets it all down with dramatic force, showing Admiral Doenitz concentrating the full force of his Atlantic U-boat fleet against a number of merchant ships vital to the Allied cause. Hour by hour we see the passage of this important force as it made its way through raging seas, fog, and icefloes, and all the time with the German pack at its heels. . . . After this convoy Doenitz and his men were virtually beaten, but as at Waterloo it was "a near run thing." We may have been, in the West, a shade too confident of ultimate victory. Perhaps it was this convoy that saved the day; we did not really know the extremities to which we had been driven.

Here are two delightful illustrated travel books. BOLIVIA: AN UNDISCOVERED LAND (Harrap. 30s.) is the work of Miguel Asturias, one of the foremost Latin-American novelists of our day, and Jean Manzon, who has contributed a dramatic series of photographs in colour and half-tone. "Bolivia, the untamed, dazzles the tourist and attracts the settler," declares Senor Asturias. He then sets out to dazzle the reader with some of the enchantments of a country whose 4,000,000 inhabitants are lost in an expanse of 400,000 square miles, and whose scenery is as varied as its population. IN MILAN AND ON THE LAKES OF LOMBARDY WITH STENDHAL (Macdonald. 35s.), edited by Franca Piazza, is an interesting attempt to reveal the charms of modern Italy with the aid of a camera and extracts from the work of a great novelist, who took such delight in the Italian scene. Some of the full-page colour photographs are outstanding.

The latest new edition of the famous Blue Guides is HOLLAND (Ernest Benn. 32s. 6d.). This is the first Blue Guide entirely devoted to Holland, the Netherlands having been combined with the Rhineland in the earlier edition. Careful editing on the spot makes this an invaluable travel companion.

Finally for the traveller at home there will be a sure welcome for Victor Bonham Carter's EXPLORING PARISH CHURCHES (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.). Although not a guide in the ordinary sense, it deals with the subject in a way that can only add to our knowledge and appreciation of what we encounter on our travels.

R. C. E.

amusing at times, and, it is always sharply, intelligently and compassionately observed.

Sir Compton Mackenzie, whom God preserve, wrote a splendidly romantic novel some thirty-five years ago and has now, very sensibly, had it re-published, proving, among other things, that a writer may sustain a distinguished level of performance for years and years. Or indefinitely. FAIRY GOLD (Macdonald. 15s.) is about a last-war garrison on a lovely island off the south-west coast and about the impact of new ideas and new blood on the island's owner and despot. Immensely readable and none the worse for the wistfulness of nostalgia.

PATIENTS OF A SAINT (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is a bright and fast-moving story by Robert Tibber about an extremely busy doctor who finds his sick list characters are beginning to look at him with as much medical curiosity as he usually reserves for them, and who consequently decides to take on an assistant. Chirpy, human stuff and pleasantly natural dialogue.

THE BUSINESS OF LOVING (Gollancz. 18s.) is by Mr. Godfrey Smith, and I hope that you will enjoy it as much as I have. Here is a novel which is adult, amusing, pitiful and passionate in turn but never—repeat never—discouraging, depressing or basically cynical. It is, in a way, an exercise in the business of living as well as loving, and it is written with a conviction that life is to be lived and possibly even to be relished.

Finally, two books of short stories, each of them by a writer of real distinction. Mr. L. P. Hartley's TWO FOR THE RIVER (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) is an elegant collection which veers between the humorous and the macabre without for a moment abandoning the author's standard of delicate perception. THE GREAT WAVE (Macmillan. 16s.), by Miss Mary Lavin, is this writer's first volume of short stories, and it is a real pleasure to be able to say that all eleven of them show her at her fine and highly individual best.

Vernon Fane

SPANISH TRAGEDY

The Spanish Civil War, which broke out in 1936, appeared at first to be another chapter in the long and tragic chronicle of domestic strife in Spain. The issue was seen as a purely internal one, between, on the one hand, liberalism and progress (represented by the government of the day) and, on the other, the conservatism of the Army, the Church and the landowners. But the war ceased to follow this pattern and became an ideological struggle once outside intervention started from Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy on a large scale and from Stalin's Russia in a lesser degree. All over Europe violent passions were aroused which still survive among people who are to-day over forty years old. For them there can never be any impartiality about Spain.

It is, therefore, not surprising to find that it is a younger man who has written the first objective study of the conflict. Hugh Thomas admits his sympathies are with the Republicans but this does not prevent him from being scrupulously fair to the Rebels in his THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 42s.). It is undoubtedly going to be listed as one of the outstanding books of the year. Mr. Thomas has put in an enormous amount of research and some of his sources have not been used before. The complete master of his subject, he maintains, with occasional lapses, a very high standard of writing and absorbs the reader in his descriptions of the origins of the struggle, the great battles, the farce of non-intervention, and the aftermath of the war. His pen-portraits of the leaders on both sides reduce them to life-size. Few were the giants their passionate protagonists proclaimed them to be. In an appendix on foreign intervention Mr. Thomas estimates that there were probably about 2,000 British volunteers in the International Brigade. He can trace no more than twelve British subjects having fought for Franco. This proportion probably reflects the feelings among young Britons at the time.

C.D.

Falstaff (Geraint Evans) is pushed into a clothes basket by Alice Ford (Mariella Angioletti), Mistress Page (Josephine Veasey); and Mistress Quickly (Regina Resnik)

Sir John Falstaff goes a-wooing

FALSTAFF

at the Royal Opera House

Verdi's last opera (and his only major comic work) is being performed at Covent Garden during May, after a gap of eleven years. *Falstaff* was last performed at the Royal Opera House by La Scala, Milan. For the present production, a distinguished team was assembled, headed by the noted Italian director, Franco Zeffirelli, who has rapidly made a considerable reputation in Britain. (He has also directed the opening production at Glyndebourne—see facing page.) In the main role of Falstaff is Geraint Evans. The part of the knight is one of Verdi's greatest achievements. He was well served by his librettist Boito, who condensed the plot of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and lifted parts of *Henry the Fourth.* Boito also encouraged the aged, despairing Verdi to complete the work. Verdi was seventy-six when he started composing the score.

In the garden of Ford's house are, from left, Nanetta (Mirella Freni); Alice Ford; Mistress Quickly; and Mistress Page

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Ronald Soothill

Mr. R. G. Soothill is the chairman of Turner & Newall Limited, the £100,000,000 Group, which is known principally for its world-wide activities in asbestos mining and manufacturing. In recent months, interest has been aroused by the declared intention of Turner & Newall to enlarge its scope in the plastics field, this having been achieved by the successful acquisition of British Industrial Plastics Limited. Mr. Soothill has served with Turner & Newall for the major part of his industrial career, starting with the company in 1928 and becoming a director in 1942 and joint managing director in 1949. He was appointed deputy chairman in 1958 and chairman in 1959. Among other appointments, he is a director of the District Bank and of the Royal Insurance Company. Ronald Gray Soothill was born in 1898 and educated at Ashville College, Harrogate (of which school his father was Headmaster) and subsequently at Mill Hill. During the First World War he had a short period of service as an officer in the Royal Artillery. Afterwards he went to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he read mathematics and economics. Beyond industrial affairs, for a number of years Mr. Soothill has been interested in blind welfare and in educational matters, and is the chairman of the governing body of Ashville College. Mr. and Mrs. Soothill live at Maids Moreton, in North Buckinghamshire

HARBOUR FOR BARBADOS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Sir Grantley Adams, Prime Minister of the West Indies Federation, inspects the new deep-water harbour at Bridgetown, Barbados. Background, a detachment from the Canadian naval vessel, *Cap de la Madeleine*, stands in front of the bulk sugar store. **Right:** At the opening ceremony of the harbour, Sir Grantley unveils the commemoration plaque

It took just under seventy-five years to decide to build a deep-water harbour at Bridgetown, in Barbados, the most westerly island of the West Indies: it has taken just under fifty months to build it. The first consulting engineer's report, by Sir John Coode, was made for the Barbados Government in 1883; others, made by his professional successors, followed in 1912, 1948 and in 1955, when the same firm, now Coode and Partners, finally were told to go ahead, prepare the design and invite the tenders. A contract was awarded in August 1957 to Richard Costain (West Indies) Ltd.; and Sir Grantley Adams, Prime Minister of the West Indies Federation, was able to open the new harbour at the beginning of this month, roughly four months ahead of the scheduled date.

Why did Barbados need a new harbour, and how did it take so long to make its mind up? The central reason was that while Bridgetown lies in Carlisle Bay, which is an excellent deep-water natural anchorage, an actual landing is not as easy as all that. Many British cruise passengers will have seen Barbados from the deck of a liner seeking the sun: considerably fewer will actually have gone ashore. A day's trip ashore meant a journey by motor launch in a bay that can develop quite a swell when the wind gets up.

One does not build a harbour simply for the convenience of tourists, though tourism is not an insignificant item in this little island's revenue, and the local traders would like to see its popularity as a port of call increased. But the growth of tourist cruising over the recent decades has been one of the elements that have tipped the balance and may make this harbour an economic proposition for its primary purpose —which is to help Barbados export sugar in a more efficient way.

Sugar, basically, is what Barbados lives on. This crowded little island is about the size of the Isle of Wight, shaped like a hanging ham 21 miles long and 14 miles wide at the thick end, but it now supports something like 240,000 people. It is what economists used to call a "monoculture"; it only does one main thing. Sugar-cane is grown on nearly 40,000 acres of the 70,000 acres that are arable, producing about 200,000 tons of sugar and molasses of different kinds a year. It accounts for about three-quarters of the value of the island's exports; like other islands in the West Indies, Barbados benefits from a guaranteed market in Britain under the West Indies Sugar Agreement, with an export quota of about 150,000 tons a year at roughly $20 a ton. (A West Indian dollar is valued at $4.80 to the pound sterling, which is one of the pleasantly traditional features of this part of the world for the nostalgic British visitor.)

Even a guaranteed market for an industry does not ensure steady prosperity unless it can deliver the goods. Barbados has no difficulty in meeting its quota so far as production is concerned (for it, like most other producers of cane sugar, the opposite has in most years been the case, with a tendency towards surplus). But the process of moving it off to the customer has been a physically inconvenient one until the new harbour came into being. Until this year the only point on the island where it was possible to lay a ship aside a quay was in the Careenage or Molehead, an inlet on the north side of Carlisle Bay; the largest vessel it could accommodate was one of 180 to 200 ft. in length with a draught of 14 ft. 6 ins. Sugar was not shipped out in vessels as small as that; for the most part, like other produce, it was bagged, put into lighters, and taken out into Carlisle Bay to be hoisted on board ocean-going ships. It was likely to take ten days to load 10,000 tons of sugar, which became a costly item in exporting.

For many years the argument whether Bridgetown should have a deep-water harbour or not centred over sites in the north-east of Carlisle Bay; but the site eventually decided upon was north of the Careenage, close to the tiny Pelican Island. (When Costain's joined this island to the main shore in December 1957, in the process of constructing the enclosed harbour, the colony of Barbados lost, by incorporating it, one of its own "dependencies.") This site was cheaper, did not increase congestion in the existing shore facilities, and could be extended later if necessary. The harbour layout comprised a long breakwater, in all extending some 2,700 ft. outward and then parallel to the shore, a quay with two berths and another "inner berth," transit facilities and, in addition, a bulk sugar installation: it covered 87½ acres of largely reclaimed land.

The West Indian Prime Minister is greeted at the ceremony by Lord Netherthorpe, first deputy chairman of Richard Costain Ltd.

For Costain's the contract—worth some £4,000,000—was similar in some features to the Apapa Wharf that the firm built in Lagos, but the breakwater was a different requirement. The harbour had to be dredged to a depth of 32 ft. below low-water level, which meant moving some 1,700,000 cubic yards of coral and sand. This was used as the basic material for land reclaimed from the foreshore, but Barbados possessed no other significant building materials of its own. Costain's planned to import about 40,000 tons of cement and 4,000 tons of steel; but it was decided to use local aggregates for the concrete, as importing the huge tonnages required would have added greatly to the cost. Barbados

(Continued on following pages)

The new deep-water harbour at Bridgetown, Barbados. Foreground is the breakwater extending first westerly, then north

The inner berth under construction. A c

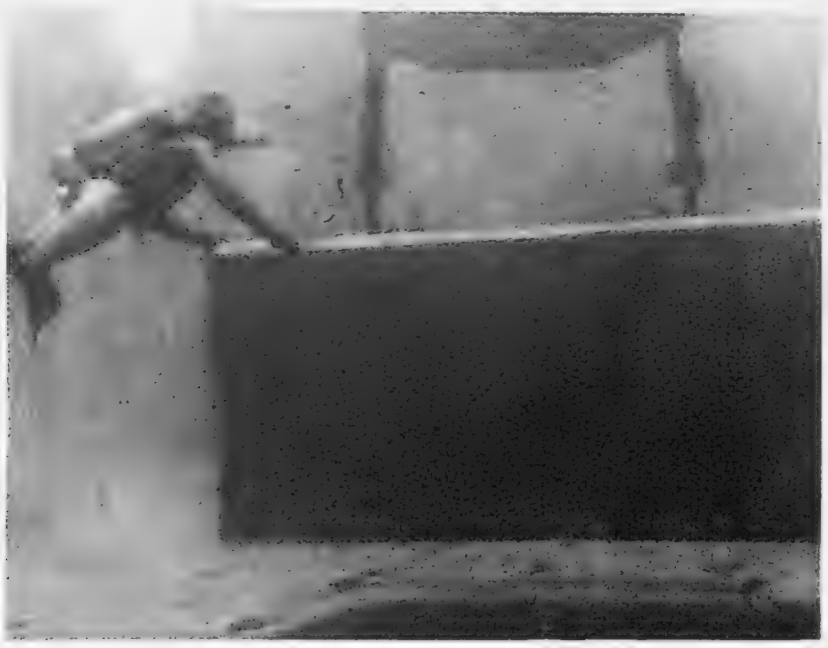
BARBADOS HARBOUR

(*Continued from previous page*)

therefore acquired a quarry as a necessary ancillary to its harbour project; 900,000 tons of local coral limestone was quarried by mechanised means and used for the concrete blocks of the quay and breakwater and the reinforced concrete of the inner berth. Some 25,000 blocks went into the breakwater and quay, weighing 15 to 26 tons each.

The organisation of a job such as this is a matter of long practice for a civil engineering contractor such as Costain's, but it can provide some problems for the labour economy of a small island such as Barbados. Finding the labour was not a difficulty; though there is no unemployment registration and hence no count of labour available, the island is certainly not short of spare workless people. About 1,100 local people were employed on the construction at the peak period; only

At work in the blockyard casting hexagonal concrete blocks



A diver places in position a concrete block, held by the fiddler gear

Mobile cranes are at work on the construction of the outer arm of the breakwater, running n

rs hexagonal blocks into place forming the foundations for the quay

Subway No. 1 leading to the bulk sugar store. This is 115 ft. high and 566 ft. long

thirty-five supervisory staff went out from England. But against this temporary increase in labour demand there is the fact that such a harbour represents an investment in labour-saving facilities. It will considerably reduce the demand for lighters and hence for lightermen; the bulk sugar handling plant that has been built on the quayside will speed up the loading of vessels and cut down the wasteful use of labour that went on before.

This bulk handling installation comprises a sugar store which will be fed by lorries from the island's sugar factories carrying the sugar in steel containers that can be hooked up and tipped out on to a conveyor system that throws the sugar out overhead inside the store. For discharging the store into ships an under-floor conveyor, fed by hoppers, carries the sugar to a weigher tower, and moves it along mechanically for eventual loading via telescopic delivery chutes. At peak periods it is expected that this installation will be receiving lorries at the rate of one every 2½ minutes for twenty-four hours on end. The store will be able to hold about 80,000 tons of sugar. The ship-loaders on the breakwater will be able to load 10,000 tons of sugar in one day instead of ten days. The mechanical conveyor equipment used has been designed and built by Spencer Melksham Ltd., sub-contractors to Costain's.

For general shipping there are transit sheds alongside the berths and an open stacking area behind them for cargo that does not need to pass through the sheds. Apart from the sugar-loading berth, there will be facilities for seven ships to lie alongside the quay or breakwater. This whole harbour project, by the standards of developed nations or even of some of the larger under-developed countries, would seem a relatively modest item of investment; but for Barbados it is the largest item in a five-year programme of spending on public works, costing about two-fifths of the Government's investment over the period. The ambitions of this community are not overweening, but highly practical: they are to use what Sir Grantley Adams called "all modern techniques and scientific skills in transforming the island, so that we can keep in step with advances being made on a broad front throughout the world."

700 ft. from the inner arm

The inner arm of the breakwater. Background left is one of the transit sheds and right the inner berth

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

BUILDING UP

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

When Mr. A. T. Worboys, chairman of the London Brick Company, recently announced record profits of more than £3,000,000 for last year, there was pleasure but little surprise. Several months earlier he had warmed the hearts of his shareholders by telling them: "We are very busy in every section of the business and face a heavy demand for all our products. I look forward with confidence. . . ." As the world's biggest brick manufacturer, the company has enjoyed the fruits of the building boom that has continued with only short interruptions for the past few years. In only two of the last seven years has London Brick failed to establish a new profit record and dividends have been increased accordingly.

Although there are about 120,000 building firms in the country, one-fifth of all building is carried out by some seventy big companies employing over 1,000 men each. The total labour force of nearly 1,500,000 includes large numbers of unskilled labourers, often imported from Ireland. In addition to the construction firms there are the building material groups, including, of course, London Brick; these provide timber, asbestos, roofing tiles, electrical and bathroom fittings and more recently light metal components. But these latter seldom represent more than a fraction of a company's total business. Over the last six years private building has been absorbing a greater proportion of the industry's total output. In 1955 public work accounted for 33 per cent. and private work for only 30 per cent. of output with repairs absorbing the remaining 37 per cent. Last year, private work's proportion had risen to about 35 per cent. with public work below 30 per cent. and repairs again at 37 per cent. The total sum spent on all kinds of building was in the region of £2,500,000,000 compared with £2,000,000,000 five years earlier.

Last year was, in fact, one of the busiest for the building industry despite the bad summer weather. House completions were only just short of 300,000 and new contracts totalled over £700,000,000. At the end of December the number of houses under construction was 285,000, the highest total for at least four years. The shortage and ever-increasing price of building land shows no signs of curbing demand and domestic builders seem assured of full order books for some time ahead. On the industrial side, too, 1960 was a boom year with orders for office blocks and factories in the region of £1,000,000,000. Against this background, one of the biggest and least pleasant surprises of recent weeks was the report from Taylor Woodrow and Company, always considered a front-rank building company, that its 1960 profits had tumbled from £709,000 to £430,000. The reasons for this were a withdrawal from a building project in Australia and bad weather at home affecting costs on a number of contracts. It says much for the standing of Taylor Woodrow that even this bad news did not seriously set back the price of its shares. At 26s. 3d., which is only 2s. below the year's high point, they yield 3·7 per cent.

Sir Lindsay Parkinson and Company has shown a steady growth in profits over the last few years and is currently busily engaged on speculative housing, a £1,000,000 contract to extend Vauxhall Motors' Dunstable factory and flood protection work in East Anglia. The value of work in hand last summer was stated to be more than £20,000,000 and it is probable that this figure has since been increased. A report last November by Mr. C. S. French, chairman of W. and C. French, that a substantial loss was arising on a big contract not due for completion until 1963, sent the shares reeling back from around £2 to their present level of about 15s. There seems not much prospect of a recovery to anything like the former price until this loss-making contract has been completed.

Allied Ironfounders, whose financial year ended at the beginning of April, had another successful twelve months with trading profits over £3,000,000 again. It has wide interests in solid fuel and oil-fired boilers and is one of the country's biggest makers of domestic gas boilers. Demand for baths for new houses and flats has led it to instal new plant where output is at the rate of about sixty baths every hour. The company entered the domestic appliance field rather late in the day last spring with a refrigerator, and also introduced a new model gas cooker. It has other domestic appliances up its sleeve. At 76s. the Ordinaries yield 5·2 per cent. Hall and Company of Croydon is one of the biggest builders' merchants in the country with fifty-three depots and offices, thirty-five quarries and wharves and ready-mixed concrete plants in the home counties. It is at present absorbing the Thames Grit and Aggregates group and will be renamed Hall and Hall River. Profits for 1960 were a record at nearly £800,000 before tax and the profits for the combined companies are expected to be in the region of £1,100,000. Crittall Manufacturing, famous for its metal windows, has recently introduced an aluminium window which it believes will be widely used. The company has obtained the order for windows for one of the tallest buildings in Britain, a thirty-storey block in Manchester.

For the investor, a stake in the building industry with good prospects can best be obtained through the shares of Taylor Woodrow, and those of London Brick at 103s. to yield 3·3 per cent.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By John Murray, M.A., LL.D., Litt. D., D. Litt.

Dr. Murray, Principal of the University College of the South-West of England (now Exeter University) 1926 to 1951, is a governor of several schools

It is interesting to find a revival of the controversy over the public schools, I thought it had gone underground: though in England few things stay underground long. The controversy dates from a memorable meeting promoted in 1940 by the headmasters with Dr. Lang, then Archbishop of Canterbury, as chairman. Many feared that the war would empty and ruin the schools. Wild ideas and prophecies were in the air, such as that the funded debts of the schools might be called for suddenly and disastrously. The controversy was left inconclusively in the hands of the headmasters, until from two quarters, the London livery companies and the Governing Body of Sherborne School, concurrent steps were taken to set up the Association of the Governing Bodies of the Public Schools, the "G.B.A.", which was intended to supersede or, at least, to balance the Headmasters Conference, the "H.M.C.," on matters of high policy and finance.

Supersede the H.M.C., the G.B.A. could not, in a country readier to add the new to the old than to replace the old by the new. To balance the H.M.C., the G.B.A. might well hope: and the initial period saw some balancing. But it saw, too, an active agitation for "integrating" the public schools with the State system. The agitation bore fruit in the Fleming Report. Since those early days the balance has inclined steadily to the H.M.C. side.

The policy is still "integration," and the argument is plausible. Thus public school education, which many think the best, is so expensive as to be largely, though far from entirely, the preserve of the better-to-do. The boys excluded by the cost, or perhaps by choice, would gain incontestably by this exceptional schooling, the country, too, would gain: and these boys are the great majority of boys. One step only is needed, viz: that the State should finance and therewith control entry to the public schools in favour of the deserving sons of poorer families.

So far so good. But now comes the crux—how to award the State scholarships in face of the extreme disproportion between the expected urgent multitude of claimants and the trickle of school places due to be filled each year. The integrationists answer that the choice will be on intimate personal grounds and not by scholastic competition.

What an opportunity is here for influence and patronage, what a risk of errors and partiality and even of corruption! This would be no expansion of public school facilities but only the substitution of some boys for others: "Out Peter and In Paul," at the public expense. How vexing, too, for paying parents to see the thin wedge of integration threaten their free choice of schools by restricting the openings—and, looking into the future, to see the thin wedge turn into a monopoly of entries, as is the way of the encroaching State!

If public school education with all its merits operates at present within a small preserve, the obvious plea is Oliver Twist's, who asked for more. The integrationists, to judge by their words and deeds, prefer substitution to expansion: and they are notoriously at a loss how to award the State scholarships.

The true policy, if the State or the county councils would finance it, is to set up more public schools. From inside the present small preserve, staff and boys could be found, I believe, to help to start the new foundations on residential lines. But two cautions must be given. First, residence is a sovereign device in general for boys, but not for all boys. Many boys thrive best living at home and attending school as day-boys.

I have never examined at a public school without coming on boys who, but for social and family pressures, would have been elsewhere. The headmasters usually understood the boy's plight, but could not ignore the pressures. Second, residence, a very human measure and no divine dispensation, can be overdone. For a boy to go to a residential preparatory school at eight or nine, to pass to a residential public school at thirteen, and then to a residential university until he is over twenty is a downright abuse of a means of grace. Every boy deserves a period of residential education, unless it morally and socially disagrees with him. His ration of residence I reckon at three or four years during early or later schooling, or at the university.

The more boys have their ration of residence, the better boys, on the whole, they will be, in daily work and social relations. But the boys who have three or four rations are the sons of privilege, and in a way a kind of aberration, despite their personal merits. It is to these "residence-wallahs" that the prejudice against the public schools is, in a measure, due.

(Next week Victor Bonham-Carter sums up on the Public Schools)

Fishermen and their boats rest on the sand at Nazaré, a popular resort on the coast north of Lisbon

TRAVEL

HOLIDAY IN PORTUGAL

By GORDON COOPER

At long last Portugal is coming into its own as a popular holiday land and, now that you are able to fly between London and Lisbon in two hours and a half by B.E.A. and T.A.P. Comet 4B, I believe there will be considerable increase in the number of visitors from Britain wishing to see this colourful country. Lisbon, the capital, is one of the most beautiful cities in the world—especially when seen from the broad River Tagus. It is also a recommended base for excursions, for many of the most interesting places are within easy reach.

Firstly, I will give some practical information. The leading hotel is the Ritz (de luxe) which overlooks the lovely Edward VII Park (named after the visit of Queen Victoria's son); the Tivoli (first category), Avenida da Liberdade, can also be recommended. A pleasant second-category hotel is the Borges, in the Rua Garrett —Lisbon's " Bond Street." Incidentally, the fabulous Aviz, once the home of international millionaires living in super-luxury suites, is now, alas, being pulled down, to be replaced by modern flats. I felt quite sad when I attended its last banquet there recently.

When it comes to eating, there is a wide choice. Apart from the costly Tavares, the leading restaurant, I like the really economical O Manel (Largo Jardim do Regedor, 7, close to the National Theatre), which serves that most tasty Portuguese cod-dish *Bacalau*—difficult to order in more exclusive places. Close by, in the Praça dos Restaurdores (at the foot of the magnificent Avenida da Liberdade) is the helpful Tourist Information Office which can advise you, *inter alia*, about the current opportunities for listening to *fado*—a Lisbon form of sentimental love song. Its theme is the same—unrequited love—and so tends (to my taste) to be a little lugubrious. But there are some great artistes performing, so attend one of these nightly sessions at least once.

Just outside of Lisbon, a delightful place in summer, is the Restaurant Montes Claros, high above the Tagus and offering nearby a superb panoramic view. I also think it well worthwhile to make the short journey by electric train to Cascais (just beyond Estoril) where at the Fim do Mondo you can enjoy the best food in all Portugal. Then, at the Royal Palace of Queluz, with its beautiful gardens and an interesting interior, there is the attractive Cozinha Velha, a restaurant housed in the former Royal kitchens. Port-lovers will wish to visit the Port Wine Institute, a tastefully decorated and discreet bar, where from the wine-list you have the choice of hundreds of ports—nothing but port—and at most reasonable prices. I once mused delightfully there over a couple of large glasses of Burmester's *D. Velhissimo* at a total cost of only 4s.

Sightseeing in Lisbon always starts, for me, with a visit to the Estufa Fria, perhaps the most attractive greenhouse in Europe. Occasional concerts are held there, where there is every kind of tropical and sub-tropical plant, shrub and tree, with little ponds combining to offer a dream-like effect.

Next in appeal is the cluster of sights which lie at Belém, with its famous Tower, considered by many people to be the most perfect example of " manueline " architecture; it was from this spot that Vasco da Gama sailed away in 1497 on his voyage of discovery of the sea route to India. Close by is the Popular Museum of Folk Art; the nearby long-overdue, impressive monument to the great Prince Henry the Navigator; the famous Convent of the Jeronimos, together with its Church of Santa Maria de Belém, a supreme example of " manueline." The most remarkable thing about the building is the beautiful pale honey colour of the stone, and the richly carved and ornamented south façade and portico facing the river.

The interior, too, with its great sweep of the nave, is immensely impressive, and several famous Portuguese are buried here, including Vasco da Gama and President Carmona. The adjoining cloisters are considered among the

(Continued on following pages)

(*Continued from previous page*)

most perfect in Portugal. Finally, on this "little tour," do not fail to visit the nearby Coach Museum, the finest collection of State coaches in the world, and absolutely fascinating.

Other short excursions are to fashionable Estoril, Portugal's only Riviera-style resort and a colony of ex-kings and ex-queens. More attractive, in my opinion, is nearby Cascais, where there are better bathing beaches, a colourful fishing-port, with a Dutch fish auction held on most days, and the impressive Boca do Inferno (Mouth of Hell), a circular break in the coastal rock. Three miles farther on is Cape de Roca—Europe's westernmost point. Then, the road leads on to Guincho, where there is a newly-opened hotel that is most appealing. It stands on a small headland covered with wild flowers, the sea pounding in past the hotel on two sides. It would be, I think, an idyllic place in which to stay for middle-aged and elderly British visitors. Pension rates in this *de luxe* establishment are from £3 a day.

An excursion to Queluz usually continues on to Sintra, a most attractive town where Byron is supposed to have written part of *Childe Harold.* His lodging was in the Estalagem dos Cavaleiros, now a pension. In the neighbourhood is the recommended Hotel Palacio dos Seteais which is in the luxury class. Sintra itself is almost like a stage set—bright pink-, blue- and ochre-painted house-fronts, backed by thickly-wooded little hills. The centre of the town is dominated by the strangely beautiful palace.

It is a far more rewarding place to visit than the Pena Palace, perched on a high hill, from which there is, however, a fine view. The interior is full of Teutonic "period fun," and it must have been a most uncomfortable home in which to live. How different, indeed, to the world-famous gardens at nearby Montserrate, among the most glorious in Europe. Here you find trees from almost every climate in the world, specially notable being the tree ferns which fill a whole ravine. Through this paradise flow many streams and rivulets.

Less than 20 miles north of Sintra is Mafra, where there is the Portuguese Escorial, a colossal building with 5,200 doors and 2,500 windows. The cost of its building ruined the country, the atmosphere is most depressing, but the music from the giant bells, to be heard miles away, is a compensation.

Worthwhile day-excursions to the north of Lisbon are to the walled medieval town of Óbidos, where there is a pleasant *pousada* (State-owned hotel) built into the walls; to Santarem, with its *portas do sol* of the old fortress, surrounded by a public garden, whence there is a superb view across the vast plains of Ribatejo; to Alcobaça, with its great monastery, while in its church there are the exquisitely carved tombs of those immortal lovers, Dom Pedro and Inez de Castro, although this masterpiece was vindictively mutilated by French soldiers in 1810; to Batalha, the finest Gothic structure on the Iberian Peninsula and Portugal's "Battle Abbey," where among many Royal tombs is that of Prince Henry the Navigator; to Tomar, with its glorious Convent of Christ, one-time headquarters of the Order of Templars.

A few miles west of Tomar is the celebrated pilgrimage centre of Fatima, the scene of a religious miracle in 1917. Farther west again, on the sea-coast, is the colourful fishing village of Nazaré, where the lazy, plaid-clad fishermen leave the work of hauling in the boats to their wives. The town has several other oddities, including a custom that widows are not allowed to remarry.

To the south and south-east of Lisbon, there is a pleasant excursion which takes you first across the Tagus, then to the Serra de Arrábida. Here you will find a pretty countryside dotted with white villages and with wonderful maritime scenery. But, despite the wonderful bathing beaches, accommodation for visitors is very limited. Even at Setúbal, the chief fishing port, there is no good hotel, but you can get an excellent meal at the Restaurant Naval Setúbalense. For those who would like to stay in this most attractive corner of Portugal and get right away from the world, I can strongly recommend the really unique little sixteenth-century restaurant-hotel known as Quinta das Torres at Azeitão. It is in the luxury category and in faultless taste. Only candles are used for lighting and both service and cuisine are exquisite. The local cheeses, round creamy products, are by far the best in Portugal, while the local muscatel is appealing to those who like sweetness.

But the one excursion in this district south of Lisbon that should not be missed is that to Evora. It is surely the most fascinating city in all the country; it has no hotel—only pensions—but there are a couple of excellent restaurants. A day's excursion by train from the capital leaves you time to visit the main sights, the centre of which is the twelfth-thirteenth-century Cathedral, containing a rich treasury. Close by is the lovely stark ruin of the Roman Temple of Diana, dating from the second or third century and not unlike the *maison carrée* in Nîmes. Its proportions are excellent.

As one might expect, George Borrow was unfortunate in his experiences in this town. Among the other notable monuments are the extraordinary Renaissance Convent of Grace, the Praça do Geraldo, while for those who seek oddities there is the Convent of São Francisco, with its macabre *casa dos ossos*; over its entrance is this motto: "We who are inside are waiting for you."

But having given you this brief list of sights I would claim definitely that the real charm of Evora is—Evora. It is the *tout ensemble* rather than the detail that counts; and the town gets my top marks as being the cleanest I have yet seen in Europe. It is hard even to detect a burnt matchstick thrown down in the streets.

The Royal Palace at Sintra. The conical chimneys serve the kitchen

PORTUGAL

Seen from an archway is the Roman Temple of Diana at

pital of the province of Alentejo

The esplanade at Figueira da Foz, the largest seaside resort in Portugal. It has an extensive sandy beach and a casino

The Castle of S. Filipe at Setúbal to the south of the Tagus. Setúbal is an important fishing port, especially for sardines

O Rocio Square, Lisbon. Behind the column and statue of Peter IV is the National Theatre

NEW AIR SERVICES TO PORTUGAL

Events are moving fast to promote a considerable increase in holiday traffic to Portugal. There are now eleven services a week between London and Lisbon flown by British European Airways in conjunction with Portuguese Airways (TAP). The journey in each direction takes two and a half hours, the planes used being the comfortable Comet 4B, and the fare is as low as £37 1s. return. There are also air links between London and Oporto (minimum return fare £33 7s.) with Viscounts and Super Constellations serving the route. Later this year it is hoped there will be a new airport ready at Faro, in southern Portugal, which should assist considerably in developing the Algarve, especially, as a sunshine winter area. In Lisbon, the new B.E.A. office at 23, Avenida da Liberdade is helpful, like all their other European offices, in giving information on most subjects—an important and attractive factor in flying by Britain's national airline.

For further information on Portugal, apply to the Portuguese Tourist Office, 20, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Aveiro is set on a lagoon at the mouth of the River Vouga

Beach huts at the resort of Arrábida, south of the Tagus and easily reached from Lisbon

The Machado de Castro Museum at Coimbra, the seat of the oldest university in Portugal

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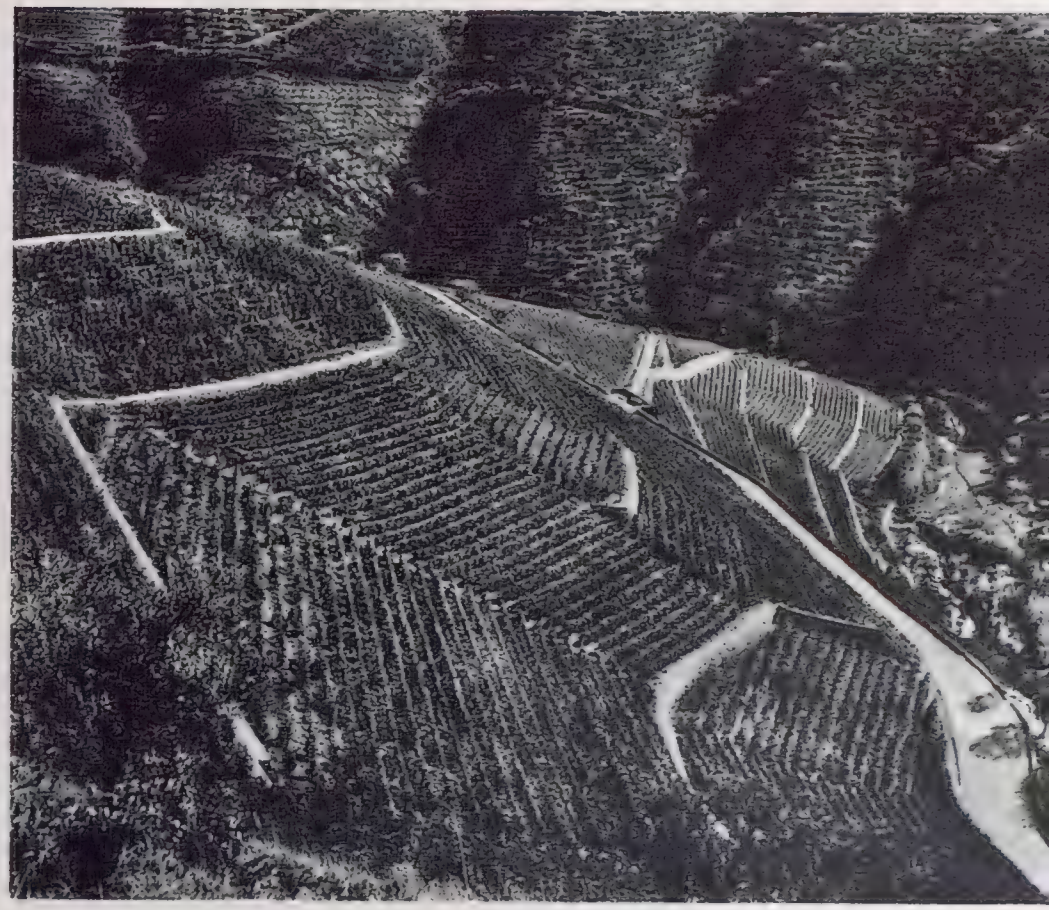
GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

THE WINES OF PORTUGAL

Wine from Portugal was shipped to the British Isles long before port, as we know it, had been thought of. It was known here for centuries as a table wine and had a great boost when, early in the seventeenth century, politics demanded that heavy duties should be imposed on French wines. This culminated in the Methuen Treaty, concluded in 1703, which gave tremendous preference to the Portuguese table wines and established the prosperity of a number of British shippers in Oporto at the mouth of the Douro. Later additions were made to the natural red wine of the Upper Douro valley, and towards the early part of the nineteenth century the practice of making "port" in its present form was established. Most of the true port is sent to Great Britain. While small quantities are drunk elsewhere, the tradition of drinking and appreciating it is essentially British. Port can be defined as wine made of the grapes harvested on the banks of the Douro; the grapes are crushed and before fermentation is completed, brandy is added, resulting in a high alcoholic content (about 20 per cent.) and a great deal of sugar in the wine.

The rest is a question of maturing and, in some cases, blending. Vintage port, which is most appreciated of all, is only made in very good years; the fortified wine remains in casks (called pipes) for two years before it is shipped. It is bottled after shipment and the ageing, which produces the superb end-product, takes place in the bottle. It needs at least 8-10 years in bottle, and goes on improving for many years after that. Vintages vary in this respect, but port can continue to improve in bottle for as long as forty years before it starts deteriorating. Ruby port is left in the wood for several years and is often a blend of several vintages. It is bottled at the stage when it reaches the colour of rubies. If left longer in the cask the colour as well as the strength fades, and the result is "tawny." Neither ruby nor tawny have the fullness nor the greatness of vintage port, and tawny has not the capacity to improve through bottle age.

The drinking of port after dinner, as a social habit, reached its zenith during the Victorian and Edwardian periods. To-day's less formal etiquette on the subject of the ladies withdrawing after dinner is not so favourable to the cult but, nevertheless, the love of fine port, especially the vintage kind, is still part of the British character. During the past golden century of port drinking not much has been heard of the other wines of Portugal, but, during the last five years, attention has once more turned to the table wines. Wisely, these are not marketed under the names of the well-known wines of other countries which they might or might not resemble. Such a practice is a double-edged weapon when it comes to introducing wines new to a public, to a great extent new to any kind of wine itself. It might be easier to accept Portuguese "Burgundy," "Claret," or "Sauternes" instead of having to learn a completely new string of names. On the other hand, using the plumes of the well-known bird also creates a doubt, almost a suspicion, in the mind of the customer. In the long run it will pay to establish these table wines, which, being at the lower end of the price scale, are first-rate value, under their own names.



Terrace cultivation in a vineyard in the Douro region of Portugal, the area from which port comes

A sailing boat carries port casks from the Upper Douro region to Vila Nova de Gaia

Vines are cultivated in many parts of Portugal—there are nearly a million acres of vineyards—and the different areas each have their own, individual character in their wines, brought about by climatic and soil conditions. If not great wines by international standards, these variations make them all the more interesting, and at the prices they are retailed in this country they are far better value than the lesser wines of the better-known wine-growing countries at the same price level. The best known, Mateus Rosé, has a natural *pétillance*. An attractive, refreshing amber-pink wine, it makes a good, light aperitif, could be drunk with a first course, or throughout a whole lunch on a summer's day (13s. 6d.).

The northernmost part of the country, near the River Minho, is the home of the famous wine known as Vinho Verde. Here the vines are often allowed to climb up straight, tall trees to as high as 30 ft. or trellises over fields growing other crops. As in the case of Mateus, there is invariably a slight *pétillance*. Casal Garcia comes from the heart of this area. It is a slightly sweet white wine made of a mixture of black and white grapes (13s.). Lagosta is the name of another attractive slightly sparkling wine from the Vinho Verde country, somewhat reminiscent of Mateus. The Lagosta Branco (white) is perhaps a little drier than the pink Lagosta Rosado. Both are sold in attractive ½-litre "lobsterpot" carafes at 9s. 9d. Between the Minho and Douro are grown some very inexpensive dry wines, the Vila Real Sogrape (6s. 9d.). The red is rich in tannin, and therefore might gain by bottle-age, but I would hesitate to recommend such an experiment as it might go over the top in a flash. So let us drink it young. The white is clean, fresh and dry.

The wines from the Douro are generally sweeter. Of the whites, Allegro (in hock-shape bottle, 7s. 9d.) is the least sweet, slightly fruity; Calvelos (7s. 3d.) is medium sweet, while Granjo (7s. 9d.) is sweet and fragrantly liquorous. The red wines from the Douro—Quinta do Corval, fairly dry (7s. 3d.), and Marquis de Soveral (8s.), a sweet red—not surprisingly are clearly reminiscent of port in the after-taste. The rosé, Rosi do Portugal, from the same district is full and quite dry (7s. 3d.). The Dao region, between Douro and Tagus, produces several excellent everyday drinking wines. The reds, such as Campo Grande (7s. 6d.) and Dao Tinto (7s. 3d.), are full-bodied like burgundies, and the whites, Campo Grande (Branco) and Dao Branco, at corresponding prices, are sweet and dry respectively, both with plenty of fullness. Elmo, a moderately sweet white wine with a good bouquet, comes from the Lisbon area and sells at 7s.

MOTORING

THE TEN YEAR TEST

Widespread research in motoring problems

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Since last Monday it has been an offence for anyone to drive a ten-year-old car without a certificate of roadworthiness, even if the vehicle is in first-class condition. This marks an important stage in the Government's vehicle testing scheme, which has been introduced gently and gradually. First there was voluntary testing. Then it became necessary for all 24-year-old cars to be tested by February 15, 1961. The 15 year olds came next (with a March 15 deadline), followed by those aged 12 (April 15). This programme was arranged so that the country's 15,000 testing stations would not be overloaded as owners of the more elderly units in Britain's fast-growing car population took them along for a check on their brakes, steering and lights.

The owner of a car aged ten years or more who is found using it without a test certificate exposes himself to the risk of double prosecution. He can be summoned for not having the certificate and (if such is the case) for using the car in an unroadworthy condition. Many motorists seem to think it is now impossible to get a licence for a car built ten or more years ago unless the application is accompanied by a test certificate. This is not so (though drivers would be expected to produce such a certificate at the request of a police officer). Later on, when the Minister of Transport has made the necessary arrangements with the licensing authorities, it will be obligatary to produce a certificate when asking for a licence.

Section 67 of the Road Traffic Act, 1960, makes provision for an extensive system of spot checks at the roadside to weed out unroadworthy—and potentially dangerous—cars; but these will apply to cars of all ages and not merely to the ten year olds. A starting order for these highway " hold-ups " has not yet been laid down by the Minister, though a reminder that it may come at any time was given on the London-Portsmouth road the other day at Wisley. Here, motorists were stopped by uniformed police so that their cars could be examined by Ministry officials using special mobile equipment. This action was taken under the Motor Vehicles (Construction and Use) Regulations, 1955, and, I was informed at the Transport Ministry, it was carried out in order to test, under realistic conditions, new equipment recently added to their mobile testing stations.

That was an interesting demonstration they gave recently at the Road Research Laboratory's new test track at Crowthorne, Berks. One of their boffins drove round in a car—a Citroen DS 19—which steered itself. It was a simple indication of what may be available to motorists in a few years' time to cut out the hazards of driving in thick fog. Buried a few inches under the track at Crowthorne are electric cables put there for experiments in this kind of automatic car control. The Citroen had two detectors fitted under the front bumper. They picked up electronic signals sent out by the buried cables and, by means of mechanical linkage, corrected the steering whenever the car showed a tendency to wander from a pre-selected track.

At the Road Research Laboratory's new test track at Crowthorne, in Berkshire, a Standard Vanguard, with its windscreen blacked-out, is driven by means of electronic detectors. **Right:** At the track is a photographic van with a camera on a mast for taking pictures of accidents

A spokesman of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research told me: " It does not yet form a major part of the Laboratory's research programme and it is still in the early stages of development; but its potential value in dealing with a number of serious road problems, including fog, is considerable." Apart from the " Look—no hands ! " Citroen there was a Standard Vanguard at the Crowthorne demonstrations which had its windscreen blacked out to show how a driver could steer it by reading instruments " fed " with information by electronic detectors at the front of the car.

The Consumers' Association, which puts under a microscope and frankly reports on the things you and I buy, has been testing anti-theft devices for cars offered on the British market to-day. They tried out thirteen of them. Ten were of the electrical type designed to immobilise the ignition circuit, and of these five claimed the additional virtue of sounding the horn. Of the others, two were mechanical (one locking the steering column, the other locking the gear lever) and the other was a combination of mechanical and electric (brakes and ignition).

The Association's findings, recorded in their journal *Which*, state that all ten electrical devices are " probably ineffective against professional thieves," though they " might deter even a professional thief." They would certainly, says the Association, be proof against the amateur car thief.

Of the electrical devices tested, the C.A. singles out for special praise the Lucas model, which at a retail price of £1 7s. 6d. (plus a fitting charge of about £1) was the cheapest anti-theft gadget tested. The Association also takes a good view of the two purely mechanical devices tested: the Neiman steering column lock (which is fitted as standard to the Renault Dauphine and as far as I know is not available to other motorists) and the Waso gear lever lock (a Swedish design which costs £4 19s. 6d. retail plus a fitting charge of about £2 10s.). Of the Waso product the C.A. says: " As it locks the gear lever in reverse a car can, in fact, be driven away backwards, but this is hardly practicable."

Congratulations to Woolwich Borough Council, S.E., on their imaginative approach to the car parking problem. They have evolved the first fully-integrated scheme which has yet come to my notice. A pattern for councils everywhere, it includes parking meters (360 of them), an eight-storey, fully-automatic garage with accommodation for more than 300 cars, an off-street surface park for 350 cars near the edge of the meter zone, and two small parks with room for sixty cars reserved exclusively for residents in the meter zone who can no longer leave their cars outside their homes. They are charged only 5s. a week and each has a key to one or other private parks.

Woolwich purposely delayed introducing parking meters until adequate off-street accommodation was made available for all the cars normally parked in the streets. They have leased their garage—which uses the Autostacker principle of remote-control handling—to Shell-Mex and B.P., who have sub-let it to Dagenham Motors, a well-known garage firm. They will have commercial control, with fixed parking fees of 2s. 6d. a day, 1s. 6d. for two hours, or " concession " rates for block bookings by local firms for employees' cars.

Briefly. . . . The A.A. is issuing free to members a series of ten booklets listing more than 320 cities and towns on the Continent where British motorists can hire cars for business or pleasure. . . . A " Motorist's Companion " car cleaning pack comprising sponge, chamois leather and duster in a waterproof container is on sale at most W. H. Smith shops at 13s. 6d. . . . Of special interest to owners of Austin Sevens and Morris Mini-Minors is a new rustproof roof rack—the Polyrack—which, for the first time, has plastic " sleeves " over the steel tubes from which it is made. It is offered in red, ivory or blue and costs 75s. . . . The Mini-Seven Motor Club has been formed in London for small-car enthusiasts with Mr. Jack Beagles, an Ilford (Essex) garage man, as chairman.

The fast-growing Institute of Advanced Motorists, which recently co-operated with a big tobacco firm in staging at Manchester the first of a series of " Better Driving " contests, has moved its H.Q. from Kensington to Empire House, Chiswick, W.4. . . . I like the look of a new atlas published by National Benzole containing street plans of fifty-seven cities and towns in the U.K. . . .

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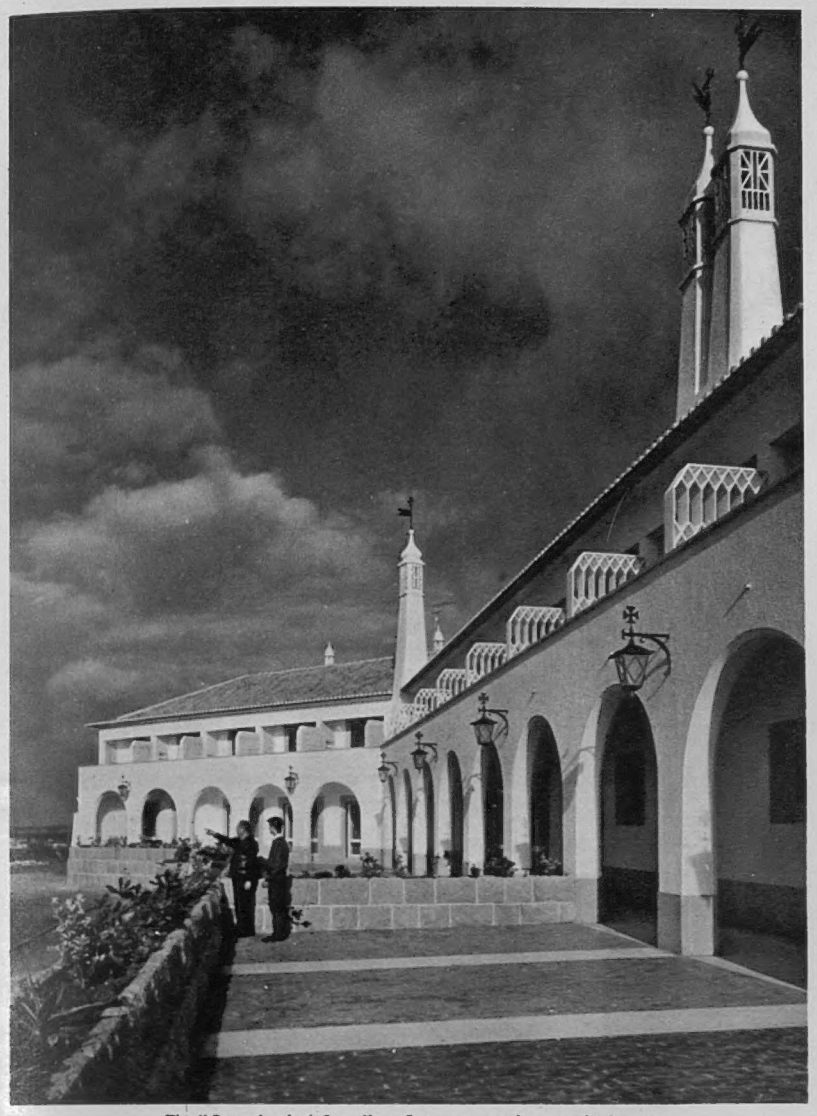

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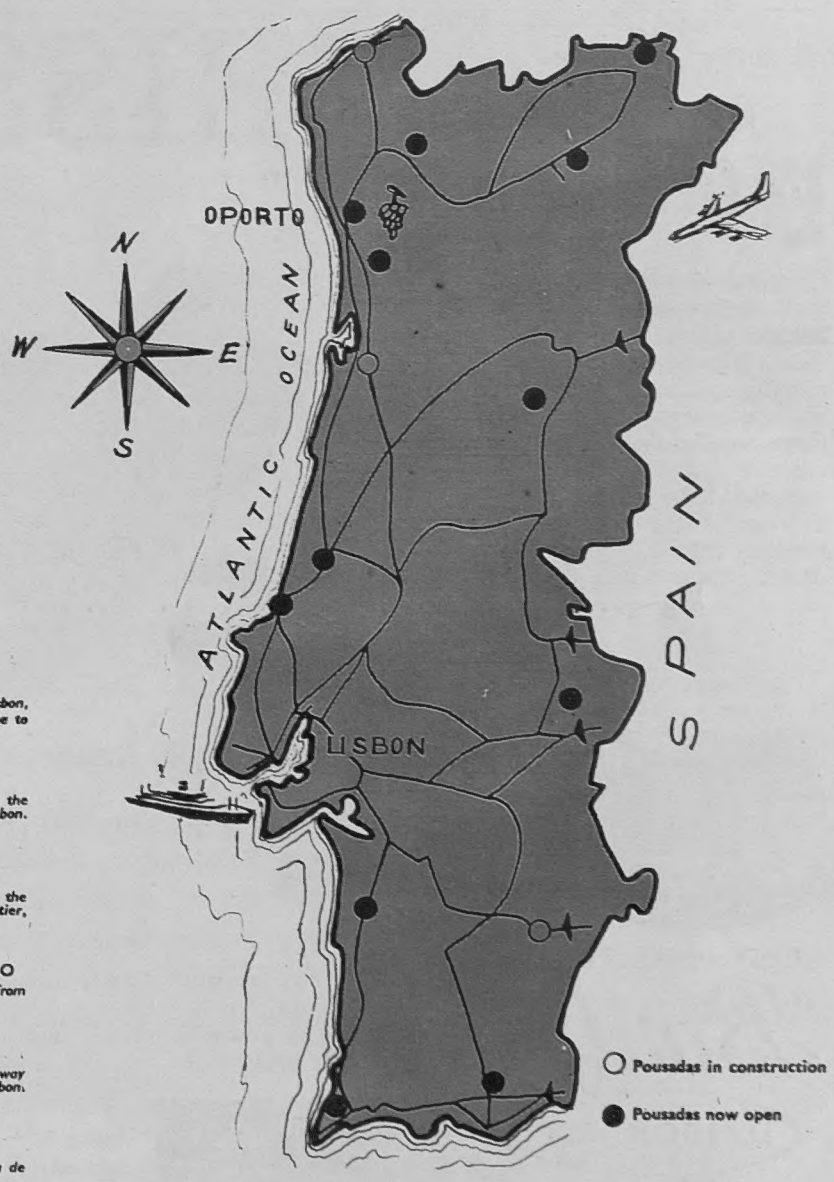
The "Pousada do Castelo" at Óbidos, built in a part of the mediæval palace which dates back to the Moorish period.

The map below shows the different sites where "Pousadas" already exist and those where others are being built.



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2 miles from Penhas Douradas, 16 miles south of Gouveia and 9 miles north of Manteigas. Altitude 4,500 feet.

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POUSADA DE SANTA LUZIA
ELVAS ALTO ALENTEJO
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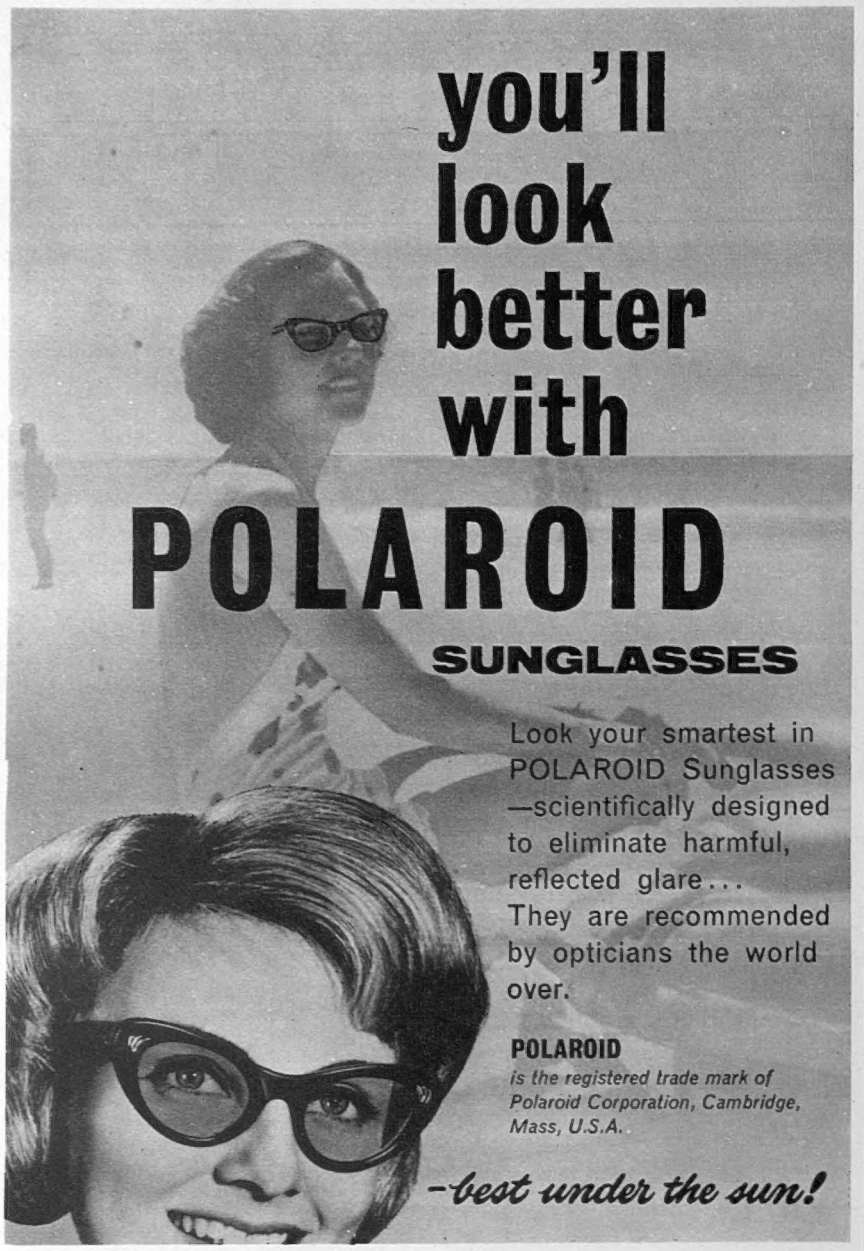

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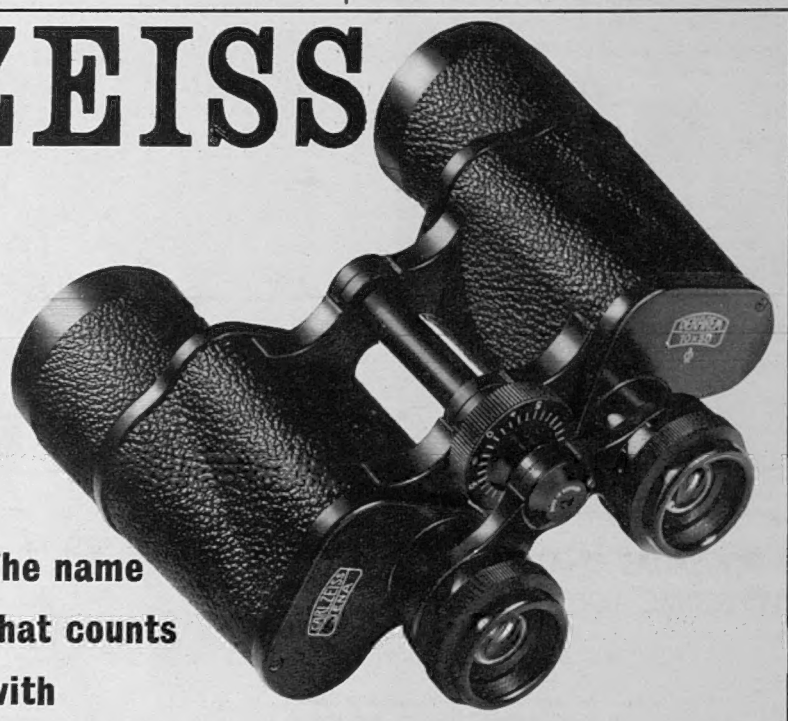

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SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1961. Second-Class Postage paid at New York, New York.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

ON TOP OF THE WORLD. No, this is not another article on space travel, for the writer prefers to have his feet firmly on terra firma. Yet the caption has reference to the end product of many travellers: a holiday. Isn't it the great purpose of all holidaymakers to return to one's everyday life feeling on top of the world ? Nor need one travel far to achieve such a purpose. A good deal depends on what we demand of our venue. Some seek bracing air, others soft. Some pine for a tan, others a shady nook. A large number ask for nothing more than relaxation, and as many seek recreation—golf, sailing, tennis, and the like.

All I can hope to do in the space allotted me is to throw out a few hints based, as always, on personal experience. The places I have picked out are all the better because in most cases they are little worlds of their own.

Although standing on the highest point of Sussex, the small town of Crowborough makes little attempt to acquaint a discriminating public with its residential and holiday charm. Only forty miles from London we are surprised to find but one three-star fully-licensed hotel—*The Crest.* But how satisfying ! Arriving out of the blue the receptionist, who had no knowledge of our identity, allotted us an attractive twin-bedded room with a fully-furnished private bathroom on the first floor. The room had all the detailed comfort one could wish for, including Post Office telephone, inter-comm. radio, central-heating, writing table, and a restful garden view.

A cocktail lounge, open to non-residents, was a pleasant prelude prior to moving on to a handsome restaurant, where we enjoyed a dinner which had all the virtues of a chef of understanding in the background, and a staff who really seemed to take pleasure in seeing that both food and wine were to one's liking. When ultimately we took the lift back to our room, we simultaneously expressed the viewpoint that we could not have found more friendly and smooth-running surroundings. Soon we mentally left this world for the Land of Nod. For a bracing holiday in an attractive countryside, 24 miles from Brighton, 26 from Eastbourne, first-class golf links but half a mile, and Ashdown Forest for riding and picnics at the doorstep, Crowborough's *Crest Hotel* can well be noted for a holiday at any season.

Among our shopping adventures in Crowborough we visited the Book Shop, where both residents and chance visitors to the district are made to feel welcome. There we had the good fortune to pick up a second-hand copy of William Robinson's *Gravetye Manor,* an abstract from the daily record of the twenty years' work which he put into the surrounds of this Elizabethan country house where we can to-day dwell and enjoy the fruits of his labours.

Some three years ago the directorate of the *Gore Hotel,* London, S.W.7, opened *Gravetye* as an hotel, rescued the twenty years' work of Mr. Robinson from grievous neglect, and refurnished and rededicated the house to what it initially was—a country house of gracious living. *Gravetye Manor* is now a classic example of the truth of Emerson's words: " If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mousetrap than his neighbour, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a path to his door." Such is *Gravetye's* fame for its grounds, such is the magnetic attraction of superb food and wine that *Gravetye Manor Hotel* is now internationally famous. We arrived at 3.30 in the afternoon so that we might enjoy the grounds arrayed in their spring garb. Each bedroom is appropriately named after a tree. Ours was the Bay room, happily furnished with a luxuriously fitted private bathroom. Here it was not a case of just feeling on top of the world but being transported to somewhere out of this sphere. Full marks to all concerned, both before and behind the scenes, for such a restful, gastronomic and scenic experience. *Gravetye Manor* is but 30 miles from London and is tucked away on Forestry Commission land on the West Hoathly side of East Grinstead. If you want to have more detailed travel directions write to Mr. and Mrs. John Kerr, Resident Managers, *Gravetye Manor Hotel,* West Hoathly, near East Grinstead, Sussex. Tel.: Sharpthorne 300.

To so enjoy one's holiday that one feels " on top of the world " does not mean that one has to seek an hotel on a mountaintop. Friends of ours who abhor hotels and for years have taken a villa on the Continent, asked our advice last year about a much-needed holiday in Britain—somewhere, they said, where they could forget the social round, the daily task. Knowing their dislike of the impersonal type of hotel, realising they expected both their food and wine to be served and presented in an attractive and correct manner, we suggested to them *Court House Hotel,* situated in that tucked-away village on the banks of the Yealm, Newton Ferrers, 11 miles from Plymouth, in South Devon. Label *Court House* what you will, hotel, country club or both, but the fact is that it has all the attraction of a friendly home to be enjoyed by all who stay there. A once manor house, we sometimes feel that friendliness was incorporated into its Norman foundations. Certainly a tremendous amount of affection has gone into furnishing *Court House* with charming taste, modernising with discretion and rescuing the terraced gardens from their state of wilderness. Being a natural and friendly personage, Mrs. Brooke Adie has gathered around her a friendly and loyal staff and we know that discriminating holidayseekers are appreciative of this quite out-of-the-ordinary club and hotel. With no phobias about children or dogs, we suggest *Court House* is a happy solution for those who dislike popular resorts. What 's to do ? The world of recreation lies at one's feet. Croquet, putting, and bowls in the grounds, fishing and sailing on the Yealm and the sea for bathing; while of an evening *Court House* assumes its club-like air with cocktail bar/ballroom/television room, bridge and super comfortable lounges.

As I was penning these lines a young nephew came in to see me. " James," I said, " Where did you go for your holiday last year ? " " *Blakeney Hotel,* Norfolk," he said. " Did you like it ? " " Top Hole," he replied. " In short," I said, " You felt on top of the world." That must be my final thought for this week.

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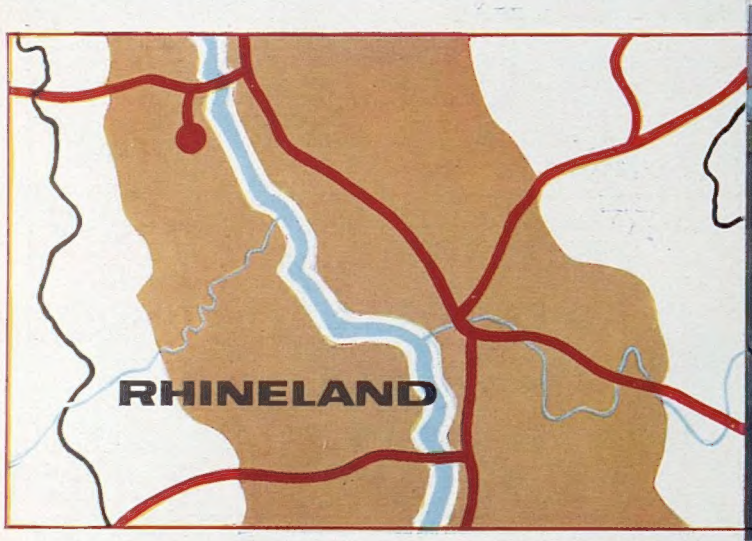

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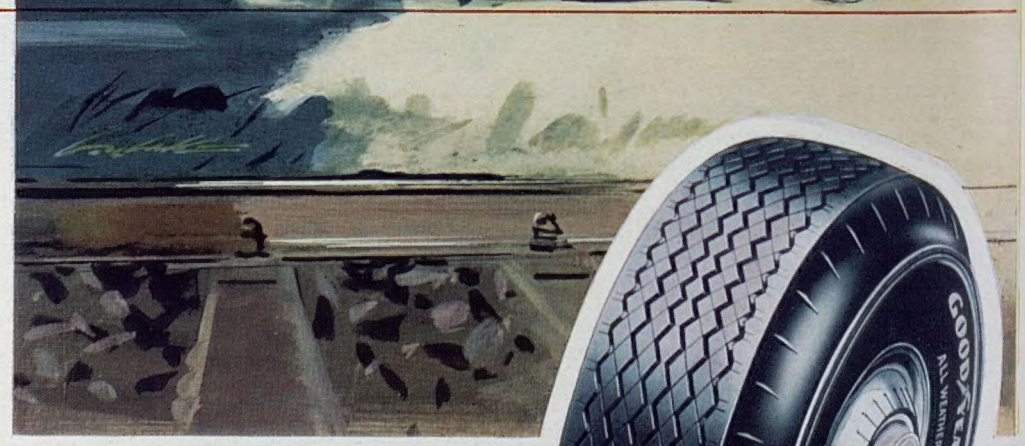

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